

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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No. 9.

## Around Town.

An evening newspaper which was clamoring wildly a month ago for the protection of our homes and firesides from the insidious attacks of the Demon Rum as personified by Mayor Clarke and his friends, has this week been publishing verbatim the rancid details of a crim. con. case. If the homes and firesides of Toronto need protection from anything in particular, it is from the published filth of an adultery trial. Of course sensational newspapers will do that sort of thing, but it ill becomes them to enter the pulpit and lead in prayer for the regeneration of Toronto and the protection of purity.

The average man or woman dearly loves a scandal, and the more the man or woman sinks below the average of intellect and morality, or the more the subject of the scandal is elevated above the common plane, the more luscious does the morsel become. But there is a large section of the people, and the best section it is, who may like to chat

the old saying, to be forewarned too often is to become familiar, and it is very probable that familiarity with the details of vice leads the great majority to have a light regard for virtue.

There has been plenty of music in the air for sensation-seekers during the past week. The examination of some of those concerned in the breaking of the Central Bank has provided choice reading, which might serve to the didactic father as numerous texts from which he could preach to his sons a number of useful lessons. He might tell his boys to be sure that they are not fools before they try to run a bank—a lesson which the parents of the directors of that unfortunate institution evidently forgot to teach them.

It would take a skilled metaphysician to analyze the character and motives of the gang who ran the Central Bank onto the rocks, but the most charitable dare not claim that folly is the only reason for the criminal mismanagement which has wrecked the fortunes of so

prosecution. A number of Sunday schools are losing valuable workers. It has been frequently noted how few bank cashiers or presidents or other gentlemen of prominence who have come from the United States to us have failed to leave a vacancy in some Sunday school or church. The revival of this time-honored comment is not intended as a slur on religious institutions but to point out how many men endeavor to inspire public confidence by taking a prominent part in churches. It is not the fault of the church or its teaching, but it reminds us that a man's daily life and his methods of business should be more looked into when he is in a prominent position than his church connection or any professions he may make. Some of the gentlemen who have left us, however, have never been closely identified with any church movement, but would have been much better citizens if they had been. Since Cashier Allen has joined their ranks beneath the starry flag they might start a little sanitarium of their own and have a bank in connection with it. An emigration agency might be profitable if they put them-

tom-foolery than usual. Lieutenant-Governor Campbell has lived so long among the petty parades and mock-court influences of Ottawa that it is surprising to find him taking the initiative and cutting down the "silly business" which has hitherto been esteemed so essentially proper and patriotic at the opening of our Local parliament. I can well remember when it was considered sinful, and worse than sinful—vulgar—to ridicule the opening parade; but in the last four or five years public sentiment has advanced considerably, and nearly every newspaper in the city advised Sir Alexander Campbell to drop at least a portion of the absurdities of the part he has to play.

There is nothing strong or likely to ensure the permanence of our institutions in burning gunpowder, banging drums, beating tom-toms, clattering swords, pounding shin-bones and howling and scraping when the gentlemen from the townships come together to amend a few clauses of the Municipal Act. The dignity of the office of Governor would not be decreased, and the absurdities of the imitation court could

small boy mean a great deal. If he sees none of the glory and paraphernalia whereby patriotism makes itself apparent, and more or less attractive, he is apt to have a very dim national idea. I think every male teacher should be forced to learn military movements so as to be able to act as drill instructor, and every day as he shoulders his switch he could show his pupils how fields are won. There is too little training of the physique in our schools, and the energetic teacher in drill hour could transform many a shambling boy or stoop-shouldered girl into objects more attractive than they will ever become if they walk with their toes turned in, their elbows stuck out and their shoulders humped over.

The opening of the Legislature arouses a little political breeze and gives *The Empire* an opportunity to say that all of the meritorious measures promised in the speech from the throne have been stolen from Mr. Meredith's platform. This will lead some people to believe that Mr. Meredith has had a platform. I hope that the theft of a couple of planks will not de-



THE WITCH'S SCALES AT ONDEWATER, HOLLAND.

BY F. BERGEN.

For letterpress see page 11.

over the foibles and follies of their neighbors, but do not like to see the glaring and indecent details of a crim. con. case, such as were printed in the papers this week, staring at them in cold type. They do not want their children to read that sort of thing.

I do not believe in much of the mock modesty which passes for the genuine article. Every one of sense and experience must understand that young people cannot be brought up with the idea that life is a rosy-pow sort of affair with nothing but good in it. There is a certain knowledge of the world that I believe parents should give their children. Beyond this, however, indecent books, pictures and newspaper reports should certainly be kept away from them. As long as old folks want to read sensations they may be sure the newspapers will print them; and if they buy them and take them home they may be sure the youngsters will get hold of them; for if the publications are withheld from them their curiosity will be aroused, and they will go out and hunt for the prohibited paper.

It is often a question whether the young people who are best posted in the affairs of the world and the social wickedness thereof are in more danger from the temper than the really innocent ones. To be forewarned is to be forearmed to a certain extent, but, to paraphrase

many innocent people. The examination seems to disclose an organized ring of wreckers as thoroughly unscrupulous and desperate as any crew of pirates that ever made a man walk a plank or scuttled a ship.

The banking act under which monetary institutions do business has been proven to be thoroughly defective, and it must have been made apparent to every one that the remedy must lie largely in the region of criminal law. Nothing but the fear of the jail or the gibbet will keep a certain class of men from robbery. Those who have been speculating recklessly and criminally with trust funds have proven themselves so thoroughly heartless that stone walls should separate them from opportunities for further depredations. There is no such thing as calling their conduct folly or incompetency. None but lunatics or robbers would conduct banking operations or undertake such transactions as characterized the career of the Central Bank. The institution seems to have been burglarized from without and robbed from within.

It is remarkable how many of the gentlemen connected with the Central Bank have found the climate of Toronto too severe and have sought a more salubrious clime where, beneath the stars and stripes, the gentle zephyrs whisper nothing of the probabilities of criminal

selfs in communication with the leading bankers of their adopted country. They could point out the advantages of the Canadian air to bankers who had never done business in Canada, and might also bring to the notice of managers of financial institutions the great opportunities for acquiring social eminence and worldly profit by locating themselves and the funds of their institutions under the British flag.

If some of the gentlemen who have so hastily departed on account of the cold weather had waited a little longer there is no doubt they would have found it quite hot enough in Toronto as there are several people extremely anxious to make it warm and pleasant for them. I cannot but feel some sympathy for those directors of the bank who have remained. The consciousness that they were not actively engaged in wrecking the bank—that their sins were those of omission rather than of commission,—has made them resolve to see the thing out. They are men who have always stood high and will have sympathy if they are pushed to the full extent of the law. Time will tell whether sympathy will save them from those they have, perhaps unconsciously, damaged so seriously.

It was a pleasant thing to notice that the Legislature was opened on Thursday with less

be done away with if his Excellency wore a frock coat and concealed the contour of his limbs in an ordinary pair of pants. It would save him, moreover, \$750—the cost of a Windsor uniform—and possibly an attack of rheumatism in the legs. No doubt our popular and excellent Governor will see fit to adopt this more sensible view before next session. He has done good work as it is in beginning the long-needed reform.

The proposal to establish a cavalry school in Toronto is popular. Ontario is not only the great commercial and agricultural province of the Dominion, but its militia exceeds that of all the other provinces combined. There are many strong arguments against our present militia system, but the fact remains that we must have a volunteer force and consequently, schools for the proper training and instruction of officers. These schools are too often made the hot-beds of snobbery, but because a few cadets make themselves absurd by imbibing too much military spirit into a system that is not topped off with brains, the school cannot be abolished or places of instruction denied to those who are desirous of acquiring a military education. If we are to have a patriotic spirit and a national idea, we must have soldiers. Nothing makes the heart of the small boy beat faster than the band followed up street by uniformed lines of tramping men. And the heart-throbs of the

stroy it entirely, but that he will boldly declare for many of the principles in which he firmly believes and make a vigorous fight this session. He is an able and lovable man, and now that all of the Provincial Governments excepting one, are opposed to his patron saint, Sir John, he should feel justified in dropping out of all connection with federal politics, and work out his own salvation here in the province. The difficulty of this has been increased by the existence of *The Empire* and the fact that it is under the management of his henchman, Mr. Creighton.

Mr. Meredith has clever opponents who have entrenched themselves in power by all the means that party necessities are supposed to sanctify. The proposal to establish a seventh portfolio,—that of Mining and Agriculture,—will please the farmers and add a few more fat offices to the patronage of the government. Mr. Mowat seems to think that patronage is the bulwark of his administration. He will yet find it to be the rock upon which his government will be wrecked. He has been in power so long, and the demands made upon his offices have become so enormous,—owing to his party being continually in opposition at Ottawa,—that the time must soon come when the office-hunting wolves will begin to rend one another, and the result will be the disruption of his following.

Don.





To Correspondents.

Write on one side of the paper only, and spell names as plainly as a blind man could read them in the dark. Brevity is the soul of good correspondence, but brevity does not imply meanness in the matter of facts, description, and news. Matter, to be of use for the next issue, must reach the office not later than Wednesday of each week.

A ball at Chudleigh has been a delightful event in many a season. Mrs. Beardmore's dance on Friday of last week well sustained this kind hostess's reputation. The hall at Chudleigh is a little narrow, nor is the staircase very wide, and at her parties there is always a slight jam in these places. Apart from this there was not the slightest drawback to people's pleasure. The double drawing-room, where the dancing took place, was seldom overcrowded, while two more rooms on the ground floor with halls and sitting rooms on both the first and second storeys offered many a cozy nook and comfortable sofa or chair to those who did not wish to dance. Supper was served in two large rooms at the top of the house, and owing to the excellence of the arrangements, could be partaken of in comfort. The admirable system, which is so seldom seen in Toronto, but which was tried with such marked success this year by Mr. and Mrs. Osler, at their ball in Rosedale, was once more adopted. A large table was spread with the viands and liquors, while numerous little tables in the same and adjoining rooms were furnished with the necessary material for one or two couples to sup at in their ease, the men only having to bring what eatables they required from the supper table.

Constant reiteration is only pardonable when it is necessary. It has been my pleasant duty with reference to nearly all dances this season to reiterate the phrase, the floor was perfect. Mrs. Beardmore's floor once more leaves me no choice, the words must be spoken again. And now for the music. At two dances last week I noticed an improvement in the time of Mr. Corlett's band, at Mrs. Beardmore's this improvement was not only maintained but augmented. The new value Ligetana is, of the many popular values of the last two or three years, one of the very best. An elephant could not hear it and keep his feet still.

Amongst some hundred and twenty guests I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Miss Marjorie Campbell, in black with yellow at the shoulders and in the hair; Miss Mabel Heward, also wearing a remarkably becoming black dress; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Miss Brough, Miss Bethune and Mr. Bethune, Miss Annie Vankoughnet, in a very pretty red frock; Miss Hodgins, demonstrating, as she so often does, what a beautiful color is very pale yellow; Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Miss Mabel Thomas and Mr. R. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Beardmore, Miss Bethune of Montreal, the Misses Yarker and Mr. Yarker, Miss Mickle and Mr. Mickle, Miss Jessie McInnes, Miss Boulton and Miss Grace Boulton, the Misses Spratt and Mr. W. Spratt, Miss Mabel Cawthra, Miss Maude Cawthra and the Messrs. Cawthra, Miss Otter and Col. Otter, Miss Kate Merritt and Mr. Hamilton Merritt, Miss Morris of Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Miss McCarthy, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Miss Eva Morris, the Misses Benson of Port Hope, Miss Louise Burton and Mr. George Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Cattenach, Miss Brough, Miss Maude Rutherford, and Captains Sars and Macdougall, Mr. Sidney Small, Capt. Geddes, Mr. Bernard of the Indian army, Messrs. Arthur and Herman Boulton, Messrs. Heaton, Dunstan, Baldwin, Colin and Mayne Campbell of Carbrooke, Colin Campbell of Montreal, Benjamin Cronyn, Shanly, Gibson, Blake, Moffat, Lowe, Mervyn Mackenzie, Hollyer, Rutherford, Townsend, Tiley, Roberts.

Last Saturday the first At Home this winter of the Toronto tobogganing club took place at their slide and club house in Rosedale. Some two hundred invitations had been issued, and in spite of the intense cold, the thermometer standing some degrees below zero, upwards of a hundred people were present. The slide was in splendid condition; the excitement of the descent down the double chute and on amidst the pines and firs in the moonlit valley, and the exertion of the stiff climb to the top again soon made those who were tobogganing forget how cold it was. A glorious fire in the club house and very many hot beverages cheered those not so actively employed, and acquired them warmth wherewith to face the cold air of the balcony, that they might see the sliding and enjoy the lovely scene. Lovely it most certainly was, for there is no prettier spot near Toronto than this slide in Rosedale, seen under its present circumstances it was indescribably picturesque. The summits of the surrounding hills and the tops of the snowy trees glittered and sparkled in the light of a glorious full moon, while the slide itself with its long double line of torches allowed frequent glimpses of many a well laden toboggan as it flashed by. An enormous bonfire of pine-wood burned on the level at the foot of the chute, lighting and warming many a pretty face and many a manly blanketed form. It was pleasant to pause or one climbed up the steps at the side of the chute, to use one's toboggan for a seat and stay awhile within the warm circle of the fire. Never was the romance of pine-wood crackling in flames so apparent before.

Among enthusiastic tobogganists I noticed the Misses Wragge and Mr. Wragge, the Misses O'Brien and Mr. O'Brien, Miss Moss and Mr. Moss, Miss Baldwin and Mr. Baldwin, Miss Brough, Miss Mabel Thomas, the Messrs. Small, the Messrs. Moffat, Miss Blake and Mr. W. Blake, and Lady Evelyn Baillie Hamilton, though she did not seem to take as kindly to the sport as did her brother our late Governor General the Marquis of Lorne, for I did not see her sliding at all, yet she seemed to enjoy the scene. So did Mr. and Mrs. W. Macpherson, Mrs. Bankes, Miss Kirkpatrick and Miss Siemoneit, and so also Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels and Miss Cassels.

A third meet of the Toronto sleighing club took place last Saturday. Owing, I suppose, to the intense cold, only some five and twenty members, instead of the usual fifty or sixty, assembled at the rendezvous in the park. The drive was to Weston, the favorite terminus, since the large hotel there offers the attraction of a fine room for dancing, and the accommodation is in other respects good. Although the mercury stood at some degrees below zero all the afternoon and evening, Saturday was as good a day for sleighing as the attendants of the tobogganing At Home at Rosedale seem to have found it for the latter sport. Fur coats and gauntlets with foot-warmers for the more delicate sex did good battle with the cold. A few slight frost bites in cheeks and ears, since town was not reached till after eleven, were hardly to be wondered at. As long as their noses were spared the ladies cared little. With regard to the club, there has been considerable foolish gossip about the blackballing by the committee of people who have proposed themselves for membership. This is nonsense. Nobody has ever been proposed in the ordinary sense of the word. Election to the club is simply the invitation of the committee to join it. An answer in the affirmative makes a member of him who has been so invited.

The club now rejoices in a president, Mr. J. K. Kerr, Q.C., fills the position, and fills it actively. His fine pair are paragons of horseflesh. The goodly procession which the club makes could not be better led.

For the untiring votaries of Toronto society, Thursday, the ninth of February, will be a gala night. People who enjoyed the splendid ball with which Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy warmed their fine house on Beverley street, early in last season, are looking forward to a renewal of the pleasures of that occasion, while others who were not present have heard so much of the affair that their anticipations of enjoyment next month are no less lively.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's idea of giving lectures on English literature to ladies has proved popular. His list was soon filled. The room chosen for his purpose holds an audience of seventy. If it would hold double or treble the number it could still be filled, for I suppose there is not a lady of Mrs. Goldwin Smith's large acquaintance who is not eager to hear lectures on so popular a theme, and from the learned professor. At 4.30 the lecture is over, and Mrs. Goldwin Smith is at home to her friends, masculine this time, as well as feminine. Thus is applied the antidote of an every-day tea party, so as to prevent any fear lest so unusual an exercise of their mental powers should turn into blue stockings many of Toronto's brightest flowers.

Mrs. Brough of 82 St. George street gave a pleasant afternoon tea on Friday of last week, which was attended principally by young people. There were about seventy-five present, amongst whom were noticed Mrs. Cattanauch, Miss Madeline Cameron, the Misses Spratt, the Misses Maclean, the Misses Evans, the Misses Bethune, Miss Dumoulin, Miss Isabel Trier, Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Armstrong of Ottawa, Mrs. Stuart Heath, Miss Stanton of Cobourg, the Misses Yarker, Miss Hodgins, the Misses Birchall, Mr. Kelly Evans, Mrs. Hoyle, Mrs. Geo. Stimson, Mr. Sears, Capt. Macdougall, Mr. Colin D. Campbell, Mr. W. Spratt, Mrs. Henry Moffat, the Misses Green, Mrs. George Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Mrs. Fred Grasett, Mr. Victor and Miss Cawthra, the Misses Todd, Mr. W. Baines Reade, Mr. Hollyer, Mr. Bogue, Mr. Casimer Dickson, Mr. Montague White, Miss Stuart of Port Hope, Mr. Herman Boulton, the Misses Laura and Grace Boulton, Miss McInnes, Miss Temple, Mr. J. T. Small, Mr. Sidney Small, Miss Mary Campbell, Mrs. W. Gwynne, Mrs. Edward Browne, Miss Susie Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Plummer, Miss Macklem, Miss Fuller, Miss Lockhart, Mr. Reginald Lockhart, Messrs. Baldwin, Miss Harriett Boyce, the Misses Osler, Mr. A. Powell Roberts, Miss Katie Merritt, Mrs. O'Reilly, Miss Thorburn, Mrs. Bruce Harmon, Mr. F. F. Payne, Miss Dawson, Miss Mabel Thomas of Montreal, Miss Ethel Benson of Port Hope, the Misses Cayley, Miss Morris of Guelph.

The Misses Yarker gave a most delightful skating party on Monday night last, at the new Victoria Rink on Huron street, at which there were about thirty present. The party congregated by invitation at the rink and skated for two hours. About eleven o'clock they departed thence for Mr. Yarker's residence, Beverley street, where an appetizing repast was awaiting them, served on little tete-a-tete tables, around the room, at which sat down Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. Edin Heward, Miss Mabel Heward, Miss Robinson, Miss Katie Merritt, the Misses Benson of Port Hope, the Misses Yarker, Miss May Jones, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. Casimer Dickson, Capt. Gamble Geddes, Mr. Dickson Paterson, Mr. Bridgeman Simpson, Mr. Shanley, Mr. Fox, Mr. Colin T. Campbell, Miss Rosa of Liverpool, Eng., Col. and Miss Otter, Lieut. Sears, Capt. Macdougall and others.

A novel idea was hit upon by Miss Robinson of Sleepy Hollow, on Tuesday last, in the way of leap year entertainments, by inviting a half-dozen or so ladies to join in a driving party, to which the latter were to each invite a—or—the man of her choice and handle the reins herself. I did not hear whether the affair

attained the success intended and desired, but hope it did.

Mrs. G. Sterling Ryerson's At Home, on Tuesday evening, was a great musical treat to those who love music for its own sake, and provided extra enjoyment for others, who, indifferent to sweet strains, prefer to settle themselves comfortably for a quiet tete-a-tete with their friends. However comfortably settled, though in the most remote corner, these amicably and charitably disposed people flocked to the drawing room (generally in couples) for numbers four and eight on the programme. The fair loadstone was Miss Annie Howden, who, in her own peculiarly sympathetic, sweet and finished manner, sang Bischoff's Marguerite, and Blumenthal's Love, the Pilgrim, to the evident delight and enthusiasm of the guests. The rest of the programme was made up of a piano and violin duet, by Miss Elwell and Mons. Boucher; song, L'Inconito, by Miss Burton, displaying the wide scope and finish of that lady's voice, and another song, Love's Request, by Mons. J. J. Jerome, whose deliciously sweet tenor was a particular enjoyment of the evening. In the second part of the programme the Misses Elwell performed on piano and concertina a selection from Zampa. Miss Barton sang Sleep on, my Child, by Piccolomini. Mons. Boucher gave a Fantasia in Faust, on the violin, and Mons. Jerome sang a second time, My Own, My Guiding Star, by Bach.

By ten o'clock the drawing-rooms and hall were very well filled, the crowd dispersing between the numbers, however, for supper. Among the many faces were observed Mrs. J. D. Edgar, Judge and the Misses Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Heath, Miss Stanton of Cobourg, Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. A. and Miss Langmuir, Miss Prince of Sandwich, the Misses Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Baines, Mrs. John Cawthra, Miss Mabel Cawthra, Mr. Victor and Miss Maude Cawthra, Mr. Bertie Cawthra, Mrs. Henry Moffat, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Todd, Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Miss Stuart of Port Hope, Mr. Hugh Leach, Miss Cumberland, Mr. and Miss Ince, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Dennis of Cobourg, Mr. A. Foy, Capt. and Mrs. W. C. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Monk, Mr. and Mrs. Boulbee, Mr. Alfred Boulbee, Miss Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Mallock, Mr. Willoughby Crooks, Miss Daisy Brown of Hamilton, Mr. Arthur Tilley, Mr. Dickson Paterson, Miss Sherwood of Ottawa, Mr. Dudgeon, Miss Isabel Grier, Miss Armstrong of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Dr. and Mrs. MacFarlane, Mr. George Stimson, Mrs. Bruce Harmon, the Misses Birchall, Mr. Percival Granville Elliott, Miss Manning, Mrs. and the Misses Harris, Mr. W. C. Crowther, Mr. James Crowther, Jr., Mr. C. Egerton Ryerson, Mr. George Torrance, Col. G. T. and Mrs. Denison, the Misses Denison, Col. Fred. Denison, M.P., C. M. G., Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Mr. Morrow, Mr. Wyatt, Mr. and Mrs. Hetherington, Mrs. Fitch, Miss Dupont, Miss Amy Dupont, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. W. Standish Lowe, Miss Fannie Bethune, Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. W. Parker Newton, Mrs. J. R. Armstrong, the Misses Armstrong, Mr. Cecil Gibson, Mr. Frank Ridout, Mrs. Cawthra, Miss Crowther, Miss Lee, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Beardmore, Mr. Geo. W. Beardmore, the Misses Foy, Mr. J. D. Edgar, Jr., Mrs. Burns, Miss Violet Burns, Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, Mrs. and Miss Patterson, Mr. Dickson Patterson and Mrs. Geo. Duggan.

There were some remarkably handsome gowns noticeable on this occasion. Mrs. Ryerson herself wore black velvet en train; Mrs. MacFarlane wore fawn colored silk train and bodice, while the skirt was a rich brocade, the bodice was heavily trimmed with fawn colored jet beads; Mrs. Alfred Beardmore wore blue and gold brocade bodice and train, skirt of blue tulle over satin, feather trimmings; Miss Beardmore was in yellow brocade, en train; Mrs. Dennis' frock was an artistic combination of pale olive green and pink, the skirt was green tulle over satin, draped with ribbons of both colors, at her corsage she had a magnificent spray of pink roses which set off the whole costume; Mrs. Cosby was in blue watered silk, richly trimmed with Honiton lace, and made more effective by diamond and sapphire ornaments; Miss Daisy Brown of Hamilton had on a pretty blue tulle frock; Miss Thornburn was attired in an exquisitely fitting pearl grey silk and crepe; Mrs. G. T. Denison wore a lavender satin gown, en train; Mrs. Arthur Grasett, pink satin and lace, necklace of pearls and diamonds; Mrs. John Cawthra, black lace over white watered silk, train of white; Miss Mabel Cawthra looked unusually well in black velvet edged with pearls, skirt of black lace over white, train of velvet, white marabout feathers; Mrs. W. Macdonald wore her wedding dress of white moire, chenille front; Miss Sherwood, pale salmon pink satin trimmed with jasmine; Miss Howden looked bewitching in heliotrope striped gauze, the color being especially becoming to her blonde, petite and piquant beauty; Mrs. H. Moffat, black velvet, lace and chenille; Miss Covern on, black satin richly trimmed with jet; Mrs. Langmuir, violet brocade trimmed with violets, gold ornaments. Miss Ince's pink satin and white brocade was decidedly handsome; Mrs. Harry Paterson wore her wedding dress; Mrs. Grantham, ruby plush bodice and train, petticoat of pink satin; Mrs. Chas. Totten's frock was one of the smartest, it was pink satin and duchesse lace; Mrs. Mallock's was white satin brocade and rich lace.

Chaperoned by Mrs. Hoskins, Mrs. Gillespie and Mrs. Winans a large and jolly party of young people drove out to the Humber Tuesday evening. Three large vans, one being a four in hand, accommodated the party, which included Miss Amy Gimson, the Misses Smith, Mr. W. Assheton Smith, Miss Chadwick, Mr. Vaux Chadwick, Mr. P. Chadwick, Miss Morson, Miss Jessie Morson, Mr. Lawrence Graham, Miss Blossom Kingmill, Mr. Roden Kingmill, Miss Hime, Miss Kenyon, Mr. A. J. Boyd, Mr. Jeff Boyd, Mr. G. C. Cassels, Mr. H. L. Broughall, Miss A. Fuller, Miss Minnie Fuller, Miss Helen Fuller, Mr. Stephen Baldwin, Miss Little, Miss Barwick, Miss Ethel Miller, Miss Waldon, Miss Benson, Miss Wadsworth, Miss Ethel Dixon, Miss Emma Murray, Mr. Arthur Murray, Mr.

Dick Jarvis, Mr. Charles J. Loewen, Mr. G. Harold Muntz, Miss Marion Chadwick, Miss Geikie, Dr. Geikie, Mr. Percy G. Scholfield, Mr. W. Barritt, Mr. Gus. Burritt, Miss Jessie Murray, Mr. Scott, Mr. Leonard McMurray, Mr. L. S. McMurray, the Misses Roberts, Mr. Claude Armstrong, Miss Ethel Head, Mr. W. Hope, Miss Gladys Ruthven, Mr. Fred Gillespie, Mr. Harry L. Gillespie. A very enjoyable dance was held in the large hall of the hotel and at 12.30 the merry-makers left for home. Messrs. P. Chadwick and R. Jarvis, who managed the affair, deserve much praise for the thorough way in which the arrangements were carried out.

One of the most delightful sleighing parties of the season was given on Tuesday evening to the residence of Mrs. Robt. Arnold, Thornhill. The arrangement of this pleasant affair was in the hands of Messrs. J. McLaren, H. P. Davies, J. Drynan and Carleton Davies. Mr. E. McLaren also made an efficient secretary. Mrs. Arnold and her charming daughters threw open their commodious house and did everything in their power to promote the enjoyment of all present. Among the invited guests were Dr. and Mrs. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Beatty, the Misses Birchall, Miss Bain, the Misses Strathy, Mr. W. Strathy, Mr. Austin Smith, Mr. Arthur Morphy, Miss Heward, Miss Nellie Macdonald, Miss Ryan, Mr. Ward, the Misses Drynan, Miss Howden of Millbrook, Mr. Brock, Mr. H. F. Wyatt, Miss Hattie Scott, Mr. W. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray, the Misses D'Esparde, Mr. Kingvelt, the Misses Parsons, Miss Boswell of Cobourg, Mr. W. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, Miss Shanklin, the Misses Brodie, Mr. E. C. Rutherford, Mr. George Dunstan, Miss Palmer of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Miss Livingston, the Misses Lee, Mr. Bert Lee, Miss Smith, Dr. Davison, Miss Pellatt, the Misses Donaldson, Mr. W. Donaldson, Miss Mooney of New York, Miss Davy of Belleville, Mr. C. H. Baird, Mr. E. McCrae, the Misses Arthurs, Miss Billings, and Messrs. Sims, Godfrey, C. Henderson, Dwight, Davidson, McLaren, Davies and Drynan. The party was chaperoned by Mrs. Dr. Davies, Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. J. C. Smith.

Another success in the virgin season of 1888 has been scored by Mrs. Cumberland. Many of the elite of society attended her ball on Wednesday last, though some, tired out by skating on Monday and tobogganing on Tuesday, took a night's rest and reserved what strength they had left for Mr. and Mrs. Campbell's dance on Thursday. Mrs. Cumberland's pretty house stands near both to the University and to Wycliffe College, which perhaps accounted for the sight of certain faces which seemed unfamiliar. The large double drawing-room made an excellent ballroom, and except at the somewhat narrow doors which gave entrance to it, and for a time in the supper room, there was little overcrowding. The music was very good, and the floor, rather sticky at first, soon improved. Mrs. Campbell of Simcoe together with Miss Constance Cumberland and Mr. Frank Cumberland assisted the hostess in doing the honors of the house.

Society is all in a flutter over the big ball of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club at the Pavil in next Thursday night, which will emphatically be the great event of the season. The Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon and Commander and Mrs. Law have signified their intention of being present, while Sir Fred and Lady Middleton and Capt. Wise, A.D.C., have expressed their determination to come from Ottawa for the event. Bayley's band will furnish the music, and the supper arrangements will be in the hands of Harry Webb, who has signified his intention of eclipsing previous triumphs on this occasion.

Major and Mrs. Lee were the promoters of a very pleasant sleighing party, which split the cold, still atmosphere of Tuesday night with Mr. and Mrs. Moody's handsome home on Dundas street as the objective point. About fifty people, many young and mostly residents of the west end, took advantage of the invitations issued, and were hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Moody. Despite the cold, the evening was so thoroughly enjoyable that it was after three o'clock before the two large vans deposited the last of the now tired and sleepy pleasure seekers. Among those present were Colonel and Miss Milligan, Messrs. and the Misses Macdonald, Miss Pringle and Miss Elsie Pringle, Miss Wilson, Miss Radcliffe, Mrs. Holland, Mr. J. Featherstonhaugh, Mr. and Mrs. Mumford, Mr. Wm. Hall, Mr. A. McNaughton, Mr. Bedford Jones, Mr. Fred. Hughes, Mr. Gale and Mr. Marsden.

## THE EVENT OF THE SEASON.

OUR GREAT REDUCTION SALE OF

# Ladies', Misses' and Children's Mantles

Over Fifty Thousand Dollars Worth at Cost for the Next Thirty Days.

This is a thoroughly genuine sale at reduced prices. Our stock is much larger than it ought to be, and must be turned into CASH BY JANUARY 1st, 1888. This is a grand opportunity for Bargains.

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Manufacturers and Importers, 218 Yonge St. and 488 Queen St. West.

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### HOLIDAY GOODS.

Five o'clock Cups and Saucers, Five o'clock Tea Sets, Five o'clock Teapots and Kettles, Biscuit Jars and Cheese Covers, Honey, Marmalade and Butter Pots, Fancy Jugs, Teapots and Teapot Stands, Fish, Game and Oyster Sets, Cut Glass Table Sets, fine assortment, Table Ornaments, fine variety, Breakfast, Dinner and Dessert Sets, Joseph Rodgers & Sons' Cutlery, Silverplated Knives, Forks and Spoons, Tea Trays, Crumb Trays and Dish Mats, Fairy Lights, a large assortment, Old Chippendale Grandfather Clocks.

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JEWELRY, an endless variety in Gold Silver and Fine Art Lines.

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THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE DOMINION

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exertions, and chants of London, sels, manned l wretchedly prov ammunition, th made a serious captured from t numbering 64,50 Leicester. From beset with disas The English a action, however, watch to repor Spanish fleet, ar subject for the e soon as it passed out to its rear All the way alon



## The Spanish Armada.

Three centuries ago this year Philip II., then King of Spain, determined to conquer England, and with this end in view he equipped the so-called Invincible Armada. It was the largest and most powerful fleet ever seen in those days, and was expected to sweep the seas. But the King of Spain overshot the mark, and this mighty fleet, like the Great Eastern of later days, was rendered more or less useless by the very quality which was supposed to give it superiority.

The Armada was composed of 130 vessels. It was to proceed via the Flemish coast to England. The English fleet at the time consisted of only thirty small vessels, but by vigorous

lowed the Armada taking skillful advantage of changing winds, harassing the Spaniards, capturing two or three of their best vessels, and yet keeping all the while virtually out of reach. The story is familiar to us all. War and waves completed the ruin. The remnant which reached Spain in September and October number only fifty-four vessels and nine or ten thousand starving men.

## A Domestic Difference.

It is a good thing for me that I am bald-headed already. Mrs. Spiff is a small, easy-going young person as a rule, but she is withal of an eminently practical turn of mind and not much given to the dreamy and poetic flights

then, whose particular dear you happen to be?"

Mrs. Spiff glared at me mournfully and sobbed anew. In saturated gasps she told me she wasn't—boo-hoo—anybody's dear, and that I thought I was very smart, didn't I? and she was going right home to her mother.

I said, in my own pleasant and somewhat distingue way that I would sooner have her go right home to her mother than have her mother come right home to her.

This caused another optical outburst. She soaked another handkerchief or two and was evidently at a loss how to proceed. Finally she began:

"Charles?"

"Yes."

"I hate you!"

"Molly!"

"I do, I do— Oh, why did I ever marry you?"

I smiled. The storm was almost over. When a woman asks her husband why she ever married him, she is on the verge of reconciliation. I ventured a suggestion. "My superior appearance, my dear, coupled with my undeniably attractive manners, easy speech and pretty wit—"

"Augh!"

"But Molly!"

"Well?" (regretfully.)

"Will you tell me what all this is about?"

"I want to know who that woman is?"

"What woman?"

"That other woman."

"My dear," I said in a lofty and condescending way, "let me give you some advice. If you can't sophisticate a truth when you get it, you can at least get it before you turn the crank. You should never jump to conclusions."

I drew from my pocket a scrap of paper, yellow, tattered and worn, ink faded and folds gaping. I held it before my wife. It was headed—

TO MOLLY.

To dream of Sue were p'raps as meet as

'Twere to dream of Polly;

But neither of 'em's half as sweet as

Molly.

To rave of other lips and eyes is

Maybe no great folly;

But why should I, when she I prize is

Molly?

To urge the nag and squeeze the girl is

Sometimes wildly jolly;

But not for me, unless the girl is

Molly.

And when I say, "Why are we doves?" Her

Answer comes, "'Cos Molly,

Where'er she is, devoutly loves her

Cholly."

I am Cholly. I wrote that many years ago, when I bubbled over with devotion to the fair creature who for many moons has spent my salary and otherwise cared for me.

She read it now with almost the same trembling eagerness that she showed the first day I gave it to her. Every feeling has endless phases. The same emotions never come twice in life.

Why don't they?

Why, because they don't. When you get rid of an emotion, another may turn up approximating it somewhat, but not the same—not the same, as Ravennus says.

Tender-hearted little Molly looked at that rhythmic infant lovingly and a big tear gathered slowly in either eye.

"Charles," she whispered, "remembering that lovely poem, how could I doubt you?"

"My angel," I said, almost on the verge of tears myself, "I don't see how you could."

SPIFF.

## Their Golden Wedding.

The appropriate celebration of a half century of wedded bliss occurred a few evenings back at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Latimer, 54 Melbourne avenue, Parkdale, who joined hands and hearts together in Brockville fifty years ago on the 16th of this month. Nine children came to bless their union; two died. The others have grown up and flourished, and to-day the old people boast of their forty-two grand-children and seven great grand-children. Many of them were present at the happy reunion of a few nights since and vied with one another in presenting the old people with substantial evidences of their love and esteem, and in wishing them many more years of happiness. The evening was spent pleasantly. Mr. and Mrs. Latimer beamed serenely and brightly on those assembled, complimentary speeches were made, in which everybody said nice things about everybody, good things in profusion were eaten, and the evening passed off as pleasantly as a summer day. Among those present were Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Latimer of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Latimer of Lansdowne, Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Loudon of Gananoque, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Emery of Pinkerton, Capt. and Mrs. Morgan of Parkdale, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Redmond of Parkdale, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wellington Burnett of Toronto, Mrs. and Miss Burnett of Parkdale, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Donohue of Parkdale, Mr. Robert J. and Miss Crothers of Northport.

## The Laggard's Return.

This grove is where we often met  
In days now seeming olden,  
When bluets bloomed beneath our feet,  
And dandelions golden.  
Here, when the dogwood blossoms' sheaths  
The coppice speckled creamy,  
We wandered, sweet Lucille and I,  
Both loving, fond and dreamy.

A passionate fondness filled our hearts;  
Its mists obscured our vision;  
This place then seemed a garden grand  
Within a land Elysian.  
As here I stand alone to-day,  
The garden gate uncloses,  
And memory with its magic touch  
Revives the faded roses.

I was a boy of twenty, then,  
And sixteen years had crowned her  
With charms that seemed to eyes of mine  
To cast a halo round her.  
The rose and lily in her face  
At every word commingled,  
And at each modest glance she threw  
The veins within me tingled.

But we were poor. "I need a cage  
To put my bird within it;  
For this I'll fortune seek abroad  
And do my best to win it.  
Be patient, sweet, and wait for me;  
Five years will soon be over;  
And then, with gold our home to bless,  
You'll welcome back the rover."

We parted—ah! what sighs and tears  
From hearts and eyes were starting;  
What agony of woes and fears  
Racked both of us at parting!  
We sealed our pledge of constant truth  
With innocent embraces—  
Alas! the vows Love writes on sand  
The tide of Time effaces.

Five years, and ten beside, I strove  
With effort unabated;  
A richer suitor came and she,  
Weary with waiting, mated.  
The wealth I won, but not the maid  
For whom I sought it only  
And poor, with all my store of gold,  
I stand alone and lonely.

She is a proud and stately dame,  
They tell me who have seen her,  
Noted, far more than beauty rare,  
For calm and cold demeanor.  
I wonder if, in leisure hours,  
The lady fair remembers  
The fire that one time blazed within,  
Now time has quenched the embers.

To-day, like golden balls on green,  
The dandelions glisten;  
The dog-tooth violets from the ground  
Hold up their bells to listen;  
The place in beauty is the same  
As in my youth I found it;  
But dreary now without the love  
That cast a spell around it.

## No Time Like The Present.

They were on the upper deck and the weather was inclined to be rough. They were discussing benevolence.

She—You know what the bible says, "Cast thy bread upon the waters?"

He (hastily)—Excuse me, I think I'll try it now.

And he rushed for the side of the vessel to see the color of the water,



THE SIGHTING OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

exertions, and by the liberality of the merchants of London, it was increased to 180 vessels, manned by 17,500 sailors. They were wretchedly provisioned and so ill supplied with ammunition, that they could scarcely have made a serious fight but for the powder they captured from the enemy. The English army, numbering 64,500 men, was under the Earl of Leicester. From the start the great fleet was beset with disaster.

The English admiral kept himself ready for action, however, and had men constantly on the watch to report the first appearance of the Spanish fleet, and it is this which forms the subject for the accompanying illustration. As soon as it passed Plymouth on July 31, he stood out to its rear and opened a destructive fire. All the way along the channel the English fol-

lowed her good husband occasionally indulges in. She firmly believes in the idea that a married man has no right to let his thoughts dwell on any woman other than his wife, so when she read last week's SATURDAY NIGHT she, so to speak, laid for me. I came home as usual. Mrs. Spiff was in tears. There were indications of weep all over the house, and the air seemed lumpy with evidences of many moans.

"For heaven's sake, my dear," I said, "what is the matter?"

"You horrid brute!" she sobbed. "I am not your dear!"

"Why, my dear—"

"I am not your dear!"

"But, my dear—"

"I any I AM NOT your dear!"

"No," I said, "perhaps not. Might I ask,

"Who was that woman?"

"What woman?"

"Why, that huzzy."

"My dear, I am mystified."

"Don't 'my dear' me, and you are not mystified."

"No?"

"You know what I mean, perfectly well. I say who was she?"

"I don't understand."

"You wretch! To speak so untruthfully to me!"

"If I never speak more untruthfully, my character for veracity will be unexceptionable."

"You are a villain."

"I am?"

"And a scoundrel!"

"You are my wife."

"My darling, there is no other woman."

She pulled a copy of SATURDAY NIGHT from some mysterious pocket in the folds of her dress. "You tell me that," she said, "and here is the damning evidence of your duplicity."

"My poor, little jealous dear," I said, fondling her head tenderly and dropping an occasional shy kiss on the golden tendrils that cling lovingly about her alabaster brow, "that happened a long, long while ago, before I met or heard of you."

"And do you never see her now?"

"Never. She is dead."

"Oh Charley! I am so sorry."

"And foolish." (I am a man. Forgive me. I could not help taking advantage of my advantage.)

"Y-e-e-s."







gold sovereigns. "I will give you that," he said. "If you can get me the paper out of John Cann's coffin."

The negro's eyes glistened, but he answered carelessly. "I don't think I can do it. I don't want to open graves by night, and if I open him by day he will be sure to get me up for desecration of interment. But I can do it for you, sah. If you like to wait till some buckra gentleman die—John Cann grabe among de white man side in de graveyard—I will dig grabe alongside ob John Cann one day, so le you like out ob him coffin. I don't go meddle with coffin myself, to make de John Cann duppy trouble me, and magistrate send me off about me business."

It was a risky thing to do, certainly, but Cecil Mitford closed with it, and promised the man ten pounds if ever he could recover John Cann's paper. And then he settled down quietly at Leigh Caymanas with his friendly host, waiting with eager anxious expectation—till some white person should die at Spanish town.

What an endless, aimless time it seemed to wait before anybody could be comfortably buried! Black people die by the score, of course; there was a small-pox epidemic on, and they went to wakes over one another's dead, bodies in wretched hovels among the back alleys, and caught the infection and sickened and died as fast as the wildest imagination could wish them, but then, they were buried apart by themselves in the graveyard part of the Cathedral cemetery. Still no white man caught the small-pox and few mulattoes, they had all been vaccinated, and no body got ill except the poorest negroes. Cecil Mitford waited with almost flendish eagerness to hear that some prominent white man was dead or dying.

A month, six weeks, two months went slowly past, and still nobody of consequence in all Spanish town fell ill or sickened. Talk about tropical diseases! why, the place was abominably, atrociously, outrageously healthy. Cecil Mitford fretted and fumed and worried by himself, wondering whether he would be kept there for ever and ever, waiting till some useless nobody chose to die. The worst of it all was, he could tell nobody his troubles; he had to pretend to look unconcerned and interested, and listen to all Mr. Barclay's stories about maroons and buccaners as if he really enjoyed them.

At last, after Cecil had been two full months at Spanish town, he heard one morning with grim satisfaction that yellow fever had broken out at Port Antonio. Now yellow fever, or men of white blood, and Cecil felt sure that before long there would be somebody really dead in Spanish town. Not that he was really wicked or malevolent, or even unfeeling at heart; but his wild desire to discover John Cann's treasure had now overriden every better instinct of his nature, and had enslaved him, body and soul, till he could think of nothing in any light save that of its bearing on his one mad imagination. So he waited a little longer, still more eagerly than before, till yellow fever should come to Spanish town.

Sure enough the fever did come in good time, and the very first person who sickened with it was Cecil Mitford. That was a contingency he had never dreamt of, and for the time being it drove John Cann's treasure almost out of his fevered memory. Yet not entirely even so, for in his delirium he raved of John Cann and his doubloons, till good old Mr. Barclay, nursing at his bedside like a woman, as a tender-hearted nurse to always will nurse any casual young white man, shook his head to himself and muttered gloomily that poor Mr. Mitford had overworked his brain sadly in his minute historical investigations.

For ten days Cecil Mitford hovered fitfully between life and death, and for ten days good Mr. Barclay waited on him; morning, noon and night, as devotedly as any mother could wait upon her first-born. At the end of that time he began to mend slowly; and as soon as the crisis was over he forgot forthwith all about his illness, and thought once more of nothing on earth save only John Cann's treasure. Was anybody else ill of the fever in Spanish town? Yes, two, but not dangerously. Cecil's face fell at that saving clause, and in his heart he almost ventured to wish it had been otherwise. He was no murderer, even in thought; but John Cann's treasure! John Cann's treasure! John Cann's treasure! What would not a man venture to do or pray, in order that he might become the possessor of John Cann's treasure!

As Cecil began to mend a curious thing happened at Leigh Caymanas. The doctor, who had been the previous medical experience of the whole island, Mr. Barclay, though a full mulatto of half black blood, suddenly sickened with the yellow fever. He had worn himself out with nursing Cecil, and the virus seemed to have got into his blood in a way that it would never have done under other circumstances. And when the doctor fell sick, he declared at once that the symptoms were very serious. Cecil hated and loathed himself for the thought, and yet, in a horrid, indefinite way he gloated over the possibility of his kind and hospitable friend's dying. Mr. Barclay had tended him so carefully that he almost loved him, and yet, with John Cann's treasure before him, he was sure to see him die, and why shouldn't it be? (This latter a little admonition delivered internally, to some part of me that would sigh in thinking of it.)

"Yes, it's all right, old boy," he said, clapping me on the shoulder, which I a little resented, for the weight of his fist was not light; "and she has cared for me all along and thought I was never going to ask her."

"The deuce she has," I said, sticking a knife into a loaf of bread in front of me, for I had been eating my supper.

He looked a little surprised at my expression, but he was too full of his own happiness to notice me much, and rattled on, seating himself upon the table in a manner which would have alarmed my landlady could she have seen him. For that article of furniture was none of the newest nor the most modern. It was round, and stood upon four pedestal, and had a great tendency to lurch; and I had discovered three different catalogue numbers of sales upon it underneath. But I am digressing.

"I want but one thing to complete my happiness," Jack said; and the table crashed under him, and caused the cheese to run a race with the knife along the edge of the table. You could get your appointment and go out with us."

"Now was my time. I looked up with an injured air. 'I got the notice that I was appointed this morning.'"

"Why in the name of all the gods didn't you tell a fellow?"

"I should like to know what chance I had," I replied. "For the last six months there has been only one subject of conversation between us, and Little Wasp has—"

Here he interrupted me. "Look here, old fellow," he said; "we must drop that absurd nickname. Her real name is Ellen."

"Absurd!" I ejaculated. "Little Wasp is Little Wasp, and can be nothing else to any of us who have known her. But of course," I added with some dignity, "she will have a new name to be called by soon, and I shall use that."

"Nonsense, old fellow," replied my friend, "we are not going to make a stranger of you, and you are welcome to call her Ellen like me."

I thanked him with a little of a sneer in my tone, I am afraid, and respectfully declined.

"As you like," said Jack, giving the table a fearful wrench. In fact, such was the danger that there were chairs in the room, even if not of the most desirable shape and softness.

## Little Wasp.

### CHAPTER I.

"Do you think a coquette can ever be true?" This remark was addressed to me by an old schoolfellow with whom I kept up a friendship. But Little Wasp can't be true? No; but Little Wasp can't be true?"

"But a greater flirt never lived!" cried my companion. "She talks to all the fellows about; and I dare say half of them think she is in love with them, just as I do," he said, dashing the ash from his cigar against the five-barred gate over which we were both leaning. "I don't think Little Wasp a coquette, in a real true sense," I observed. "She talks to the every fellow, I know, but she behaves all the time as if unconscious that she's doing anything out of the way. But then American girls are not like English girls."

"There again," said Jack, facing round and looking at me as if I were his bitterest enemy instead of the most forgiving friend in the world, and indeed I had proved myself this; for had I not listened to his meandering talk about Little Wasp for hours together and never pronounced myself bored?

It will be judged from this that I was not one of the young lady's favored gentlemen, and indeed I was not. I got none of her smiles and a great many of those sharp answers which had gained her her nickname, answers which, coming through less beautiful lips, might have exasperated a man. But her innocent air and exquisite loveliness made everything she did or said appear right at the moment. It was afterwards, upon reflection, and when her face was not there to bewitch me, that one called her cruel and unfeeling, and all sorts of other names one would have been ashamed even to think in her presence. But I am digressing.

I had spoken of her being American, and Jack had turned upon me angrily with "There again! She and her mother came from no one knows where, and are no one knows who; and here am I belonging to one of the oldest families—"

Here I interrupted him. I had no particular ancestors to trace my descent from, and no coat-of-arms to brag about; and as I knew by heart all Jack's ancestors as far back as Adam I did not want to hear any more of them, though Little Wasp would have said directly was jealousy.

"All right, old fellow," said Jack. "I'm not going to give you the tree this time, and you come of a better stock than I do or you wouldn't be what you are."

I was considerably mollified by this remark, and, relaxing the severity of my countenance, said: "You were about to observe—"

"Yes," said Jack. "I was about to observe that I am ready to die for that girl."

"In which respect," I replied, "you are not so distinguished from your fellows as by your tree."

"Very likely," he answered, mournfully. "But, after all, the question at issue is, which of us is she ready to die for?"

How I remembered that remark later on, when I knew the end of the story!

"Little Wasp die!" I said, laughing. "She'll live her Summer-day life and then just disappear, to make war and anarchy in heaven once more, the little witch! One cannot think of Little Wasp dying."

"Well, then, which of us will she live for?" asked Jack, with some asperity. "I wonder how many of the fellows have asked her?" I replied with great calmness. "If you mean business, I must say you are taking it uncommonly cool. Somebody will be carrying her off, sting and all, while you are thinking about it. There was Captain Escher round there to-night as I passed the gate."

"Look here," said Jack. "I'll go round there this very night, and the old one's so anxious to marry the girl off her hands that she won't deny me admission; and it'll be a bit of a test when I tell her I sail so soon for Melbourne. By the way," he said, breaking off suddenly and looking at me with a whimsical puzzlement on his face. "I hope the old one won't want to be included in the bargain."

"On that point I can set your heart at rest," I replied. "The old one has carried off her own prize. Thomson told me about it. She's going to be married quietly."

"So much the better," said Jack; "and if you'll excuse me, old fellow, I'm off." "Always the way," I said to myself, "where the girls are concerned. Never so much as asked how I was going on; never asked if I'd got the appointment—and he hanged if I'll tell him without. I'll just present myself to see them off when they sail, as of course they will. Little Wasp, for all her baby looks, will know better than to throw over a man of his property and position." And truly I was trying as hard as I could to think her mercenary, though I have since learnt how desperately I must have been endeavoring to quench something so much warmer for her in my heart. I would go and see them off, and then when the man should call out "All visitors on land!" I should just stick there and let them find out I had taken my passage."

I was disappointed of this piece of diplomacy, for Jack came up to my lodging very late in the evening, and he looked so buoyant and happy that I knew it was all settled; and why shouldn't it be? (This latter a little admonition delivered internally, to some part of me that would sigh in thinking of it.)

"Yes, it's all right, old boy," he said, clapping me on the shoulder, which I a little resented, for the weight of his fist was not light; "and she has cared for me all along and thought I was never going to ask her."

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"Ah, to be sure—I thought it was rickety," he said, descending from his perch and seating himself next upon my camp stool, which collapsed under him, resulting in bursts of laughter from both of us.

"It's only getting my hand in for the Bay of Biscay, and hang it if I care for anything," he said, seating himself with some care in my

arm-chair, "now that angel has linked her lot with mine."

"What are you calling her an angel for?" I said. "Somehow I could not bear to hear him run on like that. 'I'll allow she's a very pretty little sinner.'"

"Sinner!" cried Jack, knocking down my cigar-case from a cupboard near his elbow with magnificent indifference. "I like that! She who is as stainless as—"

Here I interrupted him. "Don't go on," I said. "I know the rest, and you know we've all been so used to talking of her lightly" ("and thinking seriously," I added, mentally). "Far too lightly," said Jack, with asperity, "and I won't hear any more of it. She'll be Mrs. Percival in a few days' time, and if that captain shows his nose near—"

"Don't threaten," I said. "The landlady is always listening at the door, and when I open it she's always just going to knock. Besides, it would look like distrust to be behaving in that manner, and I don't think that's fair to her, coquette though she has been."

"Well, it can't matter much, for we are all going away," said Jack, rising and lighting up.

### CHAPTER II.

The scene had changed; and I, who thought myself practical and free of sentiment, while others made love or fooled, as I termed it, around me, was now feeling as I leaned, not against a five-barred gate this time, but against the poop of a vessel with the raging Bay of Biscay all surrounding us, that I had a great deal of sentiment in me after all; and indeed there is nothing like a great storm to bring out the true woman in a man, which is there sure enough if it can only be roused; just as my poor Little Wasp proved there was plenty of the man, or manly courage, in a frail, sweetly natured little woman.

She was with her husband below now, cheering and consoling him. I was sure; for she who had on coming on board shuddered only lest blackbeetles might be in the cabin, was now strong and firm and even cheerful since the captain had told us he feared we could never weather the gale.

There were very many passengers on board. I don't know the number, for I could never read the newspaper accounts. But Ellen Percival, in her blue serge, was hither and thither, consoling mothers, comforting children, and even taking off little trinkets for them to play with. And how these children played on the verge of eternity! They were not terrified, the majority of them, and if they were, Little Wasp, for any one, coaxed them into happiness, and hid away in her own great tender heart all she must have been feeling then.

"Have you no fear?" I said to her as a lifeboat was launched and was seen to go to pieces instantly in that terrible sea.

She was standing with her husband's arm about her as I spoke.

"Jack is here," was her reply.

The battered crew of the lifeboat, rescued all but one, persisted that they would make no further attempt. They resisted the captain's command to launch the iron pinnace, which would hold fifty souls. No, they would go down with the old craft, and die doggedly.

And now, to make matters worse, half the crew, who were Malays, refused to do anything and went to their berths, and it became necessary for the passengers to take their places. Jack and I were strong, and we went to the pumps.

The storm continued with redoubled fury. The water was rising rapidly in the cabin, and there the stewards helped the parents to place their children higher than the water, thus putting off by so little the inevitable.

It was now resolved that the pinnace should be lowered by means of the davits. But only three of the passengers were willing to enter it when launched. They had been terrified by the fate of the lifeboat. I was one of the passengers, and I almost feel guilty in writing it, seeing that they were not the other two.

Few will believe how great a sacrifice I made for the old mother at home depending on me. To have died with her as he did would have seemed bliss to me. But my life belonged to my old mother, and she was not to be sacrificed.

"There is little chance for you in the boat," said the captain to the first mate; "here there is none. You have done your duty, God bless you. Do what you can for the little craft, and the two shook hands as for eternity."

The pumps had been abandoned, and Jack with his arm round his wife stood near and heard. "You will go down with me," he said to have your mother. "We," he said glancing with a kind of rapture at the wistful little face leaning against his pea-jacket—"we will not be separated."

I still hoped, as I said "Good-bye," that they would join us, but the crew, finding the passengers held back, had come on to the boat and taken their places, at which the captain smiled grimly. He smiled even more as one of the other passengers went over the side of the vessel with a black bag carefully held, to think he should care for his possessions at a moment like this. There was no time to lose, for the good ship was settling fast. We had some biscuits and a compass, but no water.

"There is room for one more. Fetch a lady," said the mate as we were about to cut ourselves free of the ship.

I immediately regained the ship to look for Ellen and her husband. "There is room for one lady," I said hurriedly. "Go both of you and care for me, for me." They shook their heads, both of them, and Jack said: "I could never face your mother with such a tale, but," he added with a sudden heroism, "it is the moment to tell the truth. Tom loves you, Ellen, I have seen it all along. Take her," he said to me, "marry her and make her happy. It is so dreadful for such a sweet young girl to be alone."

I felt myself choking, but I needed not to speak a word. She laid her soft cheek against his and clung to him so desperately, with a face so full of radiant love—it was answer enough.

Jack looked at me with a happiness I can never describe. "You see a coquette can be true," he said, and these were his last words to me.

The moments were so precious, I had only time to fling myself over the side and into the boat, for the ship was settling down so fast the boat, if not cut away immediately, would be sucked down.

Ellen Percival I see now, as I last saw her, standing upon the deck of that doomed vessel, cheerful and like herself even in such an hour, some time peering forward through the gloom to anxiously watch our venture through the dashing foam and spray, some time gazing at her husband in a sweet, contented way, and that I might see her the more plainly the sun shone out for a brief moment among the angry banks of black cloud and lit her face with a sort of chastened glory. It may sound strange, but I never saw more perfect happiness than was in the faces of both those two at that moment. It was but a moment, for the bow of the ship rose right out of the sea, and the sudden rush of air from below flung all the passengers back together, and all over now—the once mighty craft sank suddenly and completely and around us was the raging sea.

It matters little to the reader how I escaped, and the rest of us. We were picked up by a passing ship after we had encountered some privations, and it was long before I could reconcile myself to life after that last adieu to Little Wasp.

"I must leave you now," the girl said lightly, as she rose from her chair. "I have got to go to the Missionary Society rooms and do some sewing for the heathen."

"There's a heathen around in a Twenty-third street boarding house," casually observed the young man, looking vacantly over her head, "there's a heathen, front of who has thrown butter off his cutaway, a rip in the elbow of his dress suit and a choice collection

of socks that look like cullenders. Does he come in on this missionary deal?"

"He does, George," she whispered softly, as she looked in her eyelids, "if he needs a missionary all to himself."—*Exchange.*

### English as She is Wrote.

The teacher, a lesson he taught;  
The preacher, a sermon he praught;  
The stealer, he stole;  
The heeler, he hole;  
And the screacher, he awfully scaught.

The long-winded speaker, he spoke;  
The poor office seeker, he soke;  
The runner, he ran;  
The dummer, he dan;  
And the shrieker, he horribly shroke.

The flyer, to Canada flew;  
The buyer, on credit he bew;  
The doer, he did;  
The suer, he sid;  
And the liar (a fisherman) lew.

The writer, this nonsense he wrote;  
The fighter (an editor) fote;  
The swimmer, he swam;  
The skimmer, he skam;  
And the biter was hungry and bote.—*Woman.*

kind enough to go up stairs and bring me my sealskin saccie, my new hat and gloves, and my new turtleneck?"—*Texas Siftings.*

### Romance and Reality.

"Oh, my darling, your voice is as musical to me as a vesper bell, whose tones fall softly on the perfumed evening air. Speak again, and say those words, my beloved, for I could listen to your voice until the stars are extinguished in everlasting night."

Six months after marriage: "I have had just about enough of your clapper, old woman, and if you don't shut up I'll leave the house."

### A Great Descent.

Mr. McCorkle (an attenuated dude standing before portrait of a broad-chested warrior-like ancestor)—I tell you, Miss Nivens, I'm no snob, but I'm proud of my descent.

Miss Nivens—You should be, Mr. McCorkle; it has been a great one!

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Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Grandmother (to Kenneth, who is making her a little visit)—Kenneth, dear, do you love grandmas?

Kenneth—Dear—Yes, I love 'oo, and mamma

love 'oo; but papa say he finks 'oo is a ole fool.

—*Texas Siftings.*

### The Price.



## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

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## Gas Bills Again.

Complaints of excessive gas bills during the last quarter continue to pour into this office. Before dropping the subject, it might be as well to examine the arguments advanced by the Consumers' Gas Company in a letter or advertisement which appeared in an evening paper last week. The appearance of the article referred to is intended to simply cloud the issue and gives no information or comfort to the oppressed consumer.

In comparing the price of gas with that provided in American cities they are careful to avoid such statements of the quality as were called for in the last article in SATURDAY NIGHT. They forget to state that in nearly all the principal American cities, and notably in Montreal in Canada, coal gas is used and not oil or water gas. Coal gas at \$2 a thousand is cheaper to the consumer than water or oil gas at \$1.25, for the simple reason that its illuminating power in proportion to combustion is so much greater. Moreover, the risk of destroying hangings, decorations and life itself, is immeasurably less if coal gas is burned.

An estimate has been made of the cost of the gas provided by our company which shows it to be a fact that it does not reach 45 cents per thousand. They should be able to furnish a better quality at \$1.17—their alleged present average price.

The talk about government inspection is an absurdity and means about as much as the inspection of the Central bank did. Does the government inspector ever take the candle power between 6 and 10 o'clock p.m., when the majority of consumers are using light, or is it not always taken during the day when the only demand on the gas works is for gas stoves and engines? Should not the government be requested to take the candle power every hour from 6 to 10 p.m., including Saturday evening when so much gas is being used? The law was passed to compel gas companies to give at least sixteen candle power. Why is it not being enforced and the consumer protected?

The meters of course are not at fault in the vast majority of cases. What we complain of is that wind instead of gas is being forced through them. If the gas were of sixteen candle power and the pressure simply sufficed to provide what gas could be consumed at the burner the meters would tell a different story, though it must not be forgotten that there are fast meters as well as slow meters and "meters by moonlight alone."

Every Saturday evening when the pressure is low is the best illustration of how the consumers are being imposed upon by the gas corporation. Every jet in a store or house must be lighted to get sufficient illumination while at another time the poor old meter has to hump itself registering the wind that blows where the gas company listeth and is collected for at the end of the quarter.

Finally the company admit an inadequate supply, which is tantamount to confessing that they have to adulterate the stuff to make it go round, and they do not deny that they are forced to an illegitimate pressure, owing to the amount consumed by the outlying sections of the city. To reach these points they have to put on steam and shove the gas for all they are worth. They deplore the fact that more of it than formerly may escape if the plumbing of the houses is imperfect, but they do not explain what justice there is in collecting the excessive bills, when the imperfections of their gas, the vastness of their business, and their anxiety for gain, are the causes of poor service. That is an explanation no man can make to the satisfaction of the consumer. Let the explorations of the fire and gas committee be continued. They are urgently needed. Meanwhile the gas company's promises of better service, a new purifying house and gas-holder, and a reduction of price, are an indication that criticism is not entirely useless.

## Expert Bookkeeping.

In an able letter to the *Globe* Mr. Thomas Thompson, one of the best known and most successful merchants of the city, gives bald and insufficient bookkeeping as the reason of the vast number of failures of mercantile houses.

If a business man advertises for a bookkeeper he will get a great many more applications than if his wife advertises for a servant, and it is nothing unusual to see forty or fifty applications for a vacancy. This is so generally accepted a truth that the adoption of bookkeeping as a means of livelihood has received a severe setback. It should be no discouragement. Of the thousands who think they can keep books, there are but a few hundreds who really can. A good bookkeeper who writes an even, legible hand, and has a thorough apprehension of the science, can always get a situation, and he need never fear that he will have no opportunity to show his skill.

The great trouble has been and is that young men who have studied bookkeeping and graduated at some business college in six months think they know it all. As a matter of fact they have only learned the A B C's of the business, and are no more bookkeepers than the child who can add, subtract and multiply is a mathematician. The adaptation of the principles they have acquired to actual business will take time and opportunity, and most aspiring young bookkeepers are anxious to gain

experience at the expense of their employers. In other trades men have to be apprentices for four or five years, while in the professions four or five years of study and expensive tuition are required before the student is permitted to practice.

If young men intending to be bookkeepers take a sensible view of the matter and lay themselves out to completely master their art, they will have no difficulty in obtaining a situation which will give them the requisite practice, and this, coupled with study and the examination of books and papers of various kinds accessible to students, would soon make them expert, and who can name a really expert bookkeeper of sober habits and honest reputation who is without employment. Young men, do not forget that the knowledge of the difference between a cash-book and a ledger does not entitle you to the name of bookkeeper or make you a worthy custodian of the business of a large firm.

## Parkdale Annexation.

There is considerable agitation in municipal circles in reference to the annexation of Parkdale to the City of Toronto. This should have taken place long ago. There is no doubt the interests of Parkdale would be promoted by being in the city. Necessary improvements would be made, proper fire and police protection would be secured to the flowery suburb. And the very change from being an outlying municipality to a part of Toronto would give the locality a vitality it has not yet experienced. People coming to the city are deterred from building or settling in Parkdale because it is a separate municipality. They take it for granted that it has not the advantages and conveniences of parts of the city that are not nearly so well situated. They have lived in small towns before, and flatter themselves they know how towns are usually run. No reason can be advanced why Parkdale should not be annexed. The townspeople have already declared in favor of it, and the only opposition, if opposition there be, can only arise from employees or contractors of the corporation of Parkdale who are afraid that the change might personally affect them, or from some aspiring councilman or ratepayer who would like to grace the mayor's chair, yet recognizes that should annexation take place his chance for civic preferment would be gone.

## A Missionary Sermon and Western Experiences.

Last Sunday night I went to hear Rev. Dr. Parsons at Knox church and was sorely disappointed when I saw a stranger in the pulpit. Dr. Parsons read the lessons in a clear and inspiring voice and seemed so graceful and thoroughly at home in the pulpit that I felt doubly sorry I was not to hear him preach. He is a large, good-looking man, and speaks like a cultured American, with the inflections and ease of expression which constitute one of the chief oratorical beauties of the conversational style so popular among our Republican neighbors. The gentleman in the pulpit with him was his very opposite. He seemed as uneasy as a horse led out on the track and anxious to begin the race. He ran his large hand over his iron gray moustaches and beard as if he were hardly at home in a city pulpit, and I feared he was a rural brother who, for a compliment's sake, had been invited to speak. His rugged face had strength and tenacity in it, and I reckoned he would never let us go inside of an hour. After prayer, Dr. Parsons introduced him as the Rev. James Robertson, in charge of the missionary work of the Presbyterian church in the North-West. After that I expected something good and was not disappointed.

When the visiting brother rose, he announced Christ's commission to His disciples as his subject and read Mark xvi—15, 16 and 17. Without expounding his text, he plunged at once into a history of the work in which he is especially engaged and the approaching crisis in the affairs of the Board of Home Missions. Some years ago a citizen of Toronto had left thirty thousand dollars to the Board, and they had resolved to expend the interest only and three thousand of the principal annually in connection with the subscriptions from the churches, but so urgent had been the calls for missionaries that they had been unable to confine themselves to that amount, and the whole sum only lasted six years instead of ten. The expenditure is some forty-six thousand dollars per annum, while the amount received from all sources was only some twenty-six thousand dollars, thus an annual deficit was apparent of twenty thousand dollars. He had confidence that the churches would make this up and not let the work go back. In pointing out the reasons for continuing the work in the Home Missionary field, so well begun, he began to show his power.

His voice is tremendous and would fill the largest auditorium in America. His accent is strongly impregnated with the brogue of the Scotch end of Ireland, and he is as a typical preacher of the thoroughly denominational and aggressive type. The way he lifted some of his accents and bit off some of his words, and fluted centre vowels, would have stunned a professional elocutionist, but to the audience it was only an incident of his preaching. Every man, woman and child in the audience was in sympathy with him. In the fewest words possible he stated his case. He told of the mission at Schreiber on the C. P. R., and the good it had done and will do, and then demanded, "Shall we abandon Schreiber?" If the deficit is not made good, it and every other mission in the North-West must be abandoned. From White river in the east to the centre of the Rockies missionaries had been at work organizing churches and providing the means of grace for the people. Would they all have to be recalled?

But he did not deal in generalities! He outlined the work done and described in homely but heart touching phrases the result of an abandonment of the missions. One woman had written to him that she had been so happy while the missionary had been in her settlement for eleven weeks in the summer doing so much good. But after he had gone, the young men had back-slidden and the good influence of the church being removed had gone around on the

Sabbath inviting people to their threshing-bees or had shouldered their guns and gone shooting on the Lord's Day. She begged him to send a missionary to stay with them all year round, for it was religiously the silence of death in the settlement except for those eleven weeks. Would he have to write to her and tell her that henceforth it must be the silence of death for the whole year? For if the deficit were not made up the students could not be sent out even for the holidays.

He described the progress of the country and how the men working in mines, mills and on the railways had no religious influences and spent their Sundays in drunkenness, vice and desperate disregard of even decency.

Without restraining influences or church opportunities what hope was there to better their condition? He approved of Foreign Missions, but why try to Christianize China when Canada, this New Britain with its limitless possibilities, was turning its western wilds into godless resorts and places of drunken debauchery? Bad as it is now how much worse will it be if "we have to abandon the North-West?"

Always turning his descriptions into the question "Shall we abandon this?" he was strangely effective and proved the power of an earnest soul and direct and unadorned appeal. When he told of the rum shanties and profligacy in the Rockies, where preaching now is seldom heard, how could it be otherwise than stirring, when he asked if the hold we have gained on these homeless and reckless men shall be abandoned? On Columbia river he told of scattered settlements, stretching some one hundred and fifty miles, where they had asked the Anglicans for a missionary and had been told they had no means of giving them one; then they asked one from the Methodists and received the same answer. Lastly they had petitioned him to send them some one and he had written to the convenor of the committee. So thoroughly was he impressed with the necessities of these poor people that he described the kind of a man they should have sent them. He told the committee that the country was wild, the distances great and the communication difficult; that the man needed should be every inch a man; one who could eat anything and sleep anywhere; he must be able to ride a horse, row a boat, paddle a canoe or go far afoot; he should be a man for whom Divine grace has done much and not one of the boys who had always been kind of good; "the good boy at school" would be no use, they wanted a man who when a boy at school had had many fights and always came out best; a man full of vigor and force of character who would be respected and listened to. But the committee told him that they could neither send that kind of a man nor any other for they were faced with a twenty thousand dollar deficit. Should the people of Columbia river go without the means of grace for the lack of the five hundred dollars necessary to send a man out to preach to them? Should indeed all the wilds return to godlessness for want of the funds necessary?

It is a pertinent question. While he spoke the great rugged man shone out, and I had every confidence in mission work under such management and knowledge as his. I have seen such places as he spoke of and when he told how the United States churches had neglected their great West while sending missionaries to heathen lands across the seas, I for one could appreciate the strength of his plea. West of the Mississippi is the home of scepticism, and as he alleged, the hot-bed of anarchy and godless conventionalities and is without a Sabbath. In Arizona only one man in over six hundred is a professed Christian and all because the country in its infancy was neglected by the Home Missions of the United States! Our North-West is now young and needs spiritual and moral direction! "Shall it be sent them?" enquires Bro. Robertson. Who can doubt the answer! Presbyterianism is too generous to deny its missionaries support and too conscientious to refuse what duty demands.

A couple of weeks ago I remarked that the missionary is the only man who can preach a successful missionary sermon. Canon Dumoulin excited the suggestion in his sermon on "The world is ours and yet we are still and take it not out of the hand of the enemy." Rev. James Robertson lacks the culture and eloquence of Canon Dumoulin but he makes every hearer enquire of his heart, "How much owest thou thy God?" As I heard him describe the far western scenes in which he had done his part for the Master's sake, I remembered the days when I followed the trail and worked in the round-up and on the range. As in a panorama of mountain and plain the scenes of long ago passed before me: the miles of toilsome march, the days of solitude, the nights of watching, the end of the drive, the "dead-line" town where we got paid off; the wild debauch of the men, the dance house and the bars, the gambling-house, and the fights that ended every trip. Three days at most sufficed every man to spend the money it took him three months to earn, and a new pair of overalls, a couple of shirts, three hundred rounds of cartridges, a pair of boots, a new hat, and a head too big and sore to go into anything but a balloon were all that remained of a visit to "civilization." Never did I strike a place with a church or a missionary, and though I do not confess to sharing the excesses of my comrades, still there was nothing to hold me fast to godly teaching and the holy things which are so soon forgotten if there be no reminder of sermon, prayer or kindly admonition.

I remember once when we had been on the drive for a couple of months, with bad luck always with us and a stampede at least once a week, one of the wildest boys—a graduate of Harvard—suggested that we had better observe a Sunday, and try and stand in with Providence a little more. The suggestion was received with delight and proved to me what continuously good advice might have done for the whole party. There were seven of us, not counting an Indian and a Greaser, and we began to debate the location of the next Sunday. There was no almanac in the party, and by common consent we decided that we didn't know when Sunday would visit us again. Everybody reckoned back as far as he could go, and the result was that there were five different ver-

sions of the day of the week. By ballot we fixed on a day to observe and how gloriously the sun shone! The cattle rested as if they, too, had lost their wildness and felt the influence of the Sabbath. We all decided that Providence had guided our choice and we had chosen a real Sunday. This deepened the devotional spirit of the boys, and regular services were decided upon. A low down scamp named Meek sang, Safe in the Arms of Jesus, with genuine camp-meeting fervor, and then told his experience. He had been a class-leader in Indiana and had never gone wrong till he joined the exodus to California in '49. Every man had something to say and all of them had known a Christian home and a pious mother. I was the only one with a bible—mother gave it to me, and I hadn't opened it very often, but this being a special occasion, I took it out and passed it round. Father had dotted down the notes of one of his sermons on a fly-leaf, and the boys chose to consider it one of mine, so I had to preach. I did! While at college I had adapted that sermon, and after studying it up, had given it in as my exercise in homiletics and was consequently fairly well posted.

The calm of that Sabbath lasted for ten days, and then we reached the dead-line—i. e., where cattle have to be shipped by rail, the law forbidding them to be driven any further. I hunted up the day of the week, and found we had held our Sunday on a Wednesday, but resolved to say nothing about it lest the good influence of the services might be spoiled. One by one the boys—some of them drunk, some only half drunk—came and told me that we'd made a bad mistake. When I reproached my Harvard friend, who was deep in his cups, with having forgotten his good resolution, he said he had no confidence in a Providence which guided the ballot for a Sunday on to a Wednesday. Poor old Sawyer! With his Harvard degree and his appetite for whiskey, where is he now?

But the rough fellows who shoot and shriek through frontier towns are not all reckless and hard-hearted. Sober them up and give them a chance, and they are as good as other people and a heap more honest. What they lack is something to connect them with old times, home and mother! If they find no church and no missionary, what is there to restrain them? Let the answer come from the sceptic, who thinks there is no God: what has he to propose? The fool has said in his heart, there is no God, but let him go where men congregate and where there is no spire, no church, no missionary, no teaching, preaching or practicing of God's Word, there is no law, no safety, few pure women or clean men. There may be a certain self-sacrifice and fidelity, but there will be that on the part of men and women so long as human love softens the heart and the strong hand moulds the softened clay. But without God, having no hope in the world, what is there to hold men from sin, lift them up above vice or give them companionship when they come from solitude? In the frontier town the saloon and dance house alone offer them respite from loneliness, and it is not strange that they are so crowded and the inmates so reckless.

Shall Bro. Robertson's missionaries be removed, or will the western church stand as ready to receive the stranger as do the haunts of sin? It is a question for Christians to decide.

## The Story of the Blizzard.

The meagre reports which come from Dakota and the northwestern States and Territories descriptive of the awful blizzard which swept over that country convey but little idea of the heroism and self-sacrifice which must have marked many of the fatalities—so scantily reported. At this distance and with only three or four lines in which it is related, how full of tears and heart-break is the death of the three little children on their way home from school found frozen stiff in the snow-bank where they lay huddled together for warmth. We cannot but imagine the agony of the parents as they took their babes home and straightened out their little frozen limbs and kissed the stiffened lips good-by forever. And how strong was the bravery of the man who left his four companions in a wagon while he mounted one of the team and started for help, after leaving the overcoat that he so much needed himself to shelter those who were left behind. The man frozen beside his horse, the men frozen in the wagon tell the story of how they waited for the help that never came while the torpor crept over them which told them of coming death. There were a score of other such cases—of bewildered men frozen within a few yards of their own homes, of wives who found death while seeking for their husbands, and of children who went out to search for missing ones who never returned. It is strange how much self-sacrifice and homely heroism is developed in the little telegraphic scraps that tell us of the blizzard and the dead that lie along its track.

## Chat From The 'Varsity.

The closing up the path from St. George street to the University lawn has necessitated a somewhat longer walk for the literary students of Knox, who are particularly regular in their attendance of the morning metaphysical lectures, for, you know, a man must have them.

A deputation was appointed by the conversazione committee to wait upon Dr. Wilson and ask his consent to have dancing introduced as a feature of the conversazione. This feature has of late years been eliminated from the programme on grounds best known to those in authority. Certainly the large numbers that usually attend would form a strong drawback to its success. At the same time if properly conducted, it would, to many at least, add materially to the enjoyment of the evening. The deputation, however, was again unsuccessful.

A slight difficulty arose last week among the members of the fourth year in the matter of the class photo. The modern language men claimed that their course was not sufficiently represented by one professor, and proposed to have the lecturers included in the picture. This was opposed by the others on different grounds, especially because it would make the picture

too large, and there being four lecturers in the modern language course, it would, by this measure, be too fully represented. At a rather lively meeting last week it was resolved to postpone the discussion for a few days.

The inter-collegiate debate between Knox and the 'Varsity, which was to be held on Feb. 3rd, was postponed on account of the Knox college public debate coming on that evening.

Mr. M. S. Mercer, B.A., presided at the meeting of the literary society last week, in the absence of the president, Mr. W. F. W. Creelman. The musical part of the programme has been better this year than formerly and adds much to the success of the meetings.

The usual attempt on the part of the conversazione committee to cut down the complimentary is being made. The list has been reduced as much as possible on the ground that in former years invitations that have been sent to friends of the college have not been used by these persons themselves, but handed over to others who have no possible interest in higher education beyond attending the annual conversazione.

At the Modern Language club on Monday evening last, Mr. J. O. Miller read a good essay on Walt Whitman. Ever since his first year Mr. Miller's literary taste has been marked. Of late his love for sonnet poetry and study of it have elicited from him some fair specimens in that style of verse.

## Singers of Sacred Song.

The three ladies whose portraits SATURDAY NIGHT presents to its readers this week, belong to the choir of the Richmond street synagogue, and one of them, at least, is widely known to the concert-going community with whom she is an established favorite. Mrs. R. Morris is the soprano soloist in the synagogue. She is



MRS. R. MORRIS.

affable and good natured, her voice is sweet and pure, and has a range of 2½. She is a thorough musician, and puts her whole heart into her work. Miss Z. Walters alternates the solos with Mrs. Morris. She has a flexible mezzo-soprano voice of great compass, remark-



MISS Z. WALTERS.

able for its richness and fullness of tone. She is a pupil of Prof. Bohner, whose careful and conscientious tuition has done great things, not alone for Miss Walters but for numerous other ladies, whose carefully trained voices have charmed many habitues of churches and concert halls. Miss Walters' services are in great demand at public entertainments, and she is emphatically one of Toronto's rising vocalists. Miss Harriet Kassel is the principal



MISS HARRIET KASSEL.

also singer in the synagogue. She is a young lady of rare beauty both of face and form, and of charming manners. She sings with sweetness and expression. Miss Kassel has many friends both in the synagogue and out of it. She has belonged to the choir for some time, and has been a decidedly valuable acquisition to it.

Right in the came upon the of the Ham Bremmer, the late Mr. D. London Adven with a blond meet-me-on-th of the three p papers to-day James Fahey, the third. Car gold pen on the He is one of t not use tobacc of cigarettes, a three or four Spectator offic was a dream from floor to tapestries, and delf plaques, l In the centre bronze vase, mented with The floor was soft-coal fire a and several l cages. In the roundings Mr humorous and have made Canada. He is and under his best edited Cameron will, as the author touching and When you Alas! tis

So far as a the direct an their rich, unc dislikes, their resemble one ner graduated from the negr footlight train able ability r flections. He give a sleigh lunatic asylu ties. The pro Cameron and the trip to Tor Bremmer does the same soft mark his su successful as the world ma forever down than any of h simple spur struck, count praise of som sang:

Both Mr. C attended the press club. T once a year, dinner and a ated with an was an advan arose the follo than as if the fire and brim was originate of the club. I lets were qua building in th editorial roo they got amb selves into th modious—I b —house on fitted up with consideration ously appo progressive American pr cities, which Mr. John Ros sponsible for the best frien voted both hi liberality, to

Numerous posted on several of the have put the This is on a p tape and sta labels herself is that men c lives without Mr. W. N at times Jout bald, Gough similar incan shortly for th charged to s been in the one of his l prospecting city and flin



## Here and There.



Right in the middle of the cold wave which came upon us last Saturday, appeared suddenly and mysteriously, John Robson Cameron, editor of the *Hamilton Spectator*, and Archie Bold Bremner, the poet, and, since the demise of the late Mr. D. Mills, (Hon.), the editor of the *London Advertiser*. Mr. Cameron is a big man with a blonde moustache and a sad, sweet, meet-me-on-the-corner-dear smile. He is one of the three paragraphs we have on Canadian papers to-day. Bremner is another, and Mr. James Fahey, the wild Irishman of the *World*, the third. Cameron writes with a pearl-handled gold pen on the very finest cream-laid note paper. He is one of the few Canadian editors who do not use tobacco, but he is an inveterate smoker of cigarettes, and sometimes uses as many as three or four in one day. His room in the *Spectator* office, when I saw it some years ago, was a dream of editorial luxury. The walls from floor to ceiling were covered with old tapestries, and upon them hung rare etchings, delf plaques, brass sconces and choice pictures. In the centre of the room stood a Japanese bronze vase, several feet high, richly ornamented with tangled gods and sacred snakes. The floor was covered with Smyrna rugs, a soft-coal fire spluttered feebly in the art grate and several birds sang sweetly from gilded cages. In the midst of these luxurious surroundings Mr. Cameron pens those sarcastic, humorous and quaintly satirical remarks which have made the *Spectator* known all over Canada. He superintends the papers generally and under him it has been by long odds the best edited paper in the Dominion. Mr. Cameron will, perhaps, be best known to fame as the author of *The Charleston Blues* and the touching and pathetic lines:

When you are present, then my heart is gay,  
Alas! 'tis dull indeed when you're away.

So far as appearance goes, Mr. Bremner is the direct antithesis of Mr. Cameron, yet in their rich, unctuous humor, in their likes and dislikes, their tastes and fancies, the two men resemble one another marvelously. Mr. Bremner graduated into the newspaper business from the negro minstrel stage, and it is to his footlight training that he owes his incomparable ability as a raconteur of light and airy fictions. He went to Hamilton last week to give a sleight-of-hand performance at the lunatic asylum for the edification of the lunatics. The proceedings were witnessed by Mr. Cameron and others. After the performance the trip to Toronto was arranged. Though Mr. Bremner does not mould public opinion amidst the same soft lights and luxurious surroundings as mark his friend of the *Spectator*, he is quite successful as a moult, and, besides, has given the world many gems of poetry that will roll forever down the reverberating hills. But more than any of his later efforts does he prize the simple spurt of his early years, when he, a love-struck, country youth, tuned his lyre to the praise of some simpering village maiden and sang:

The rose is red,  
The violet blue,  
Honey is sweet,  
And so are you;  
And so is he  
Who sends you this,  
When next we meet  
We'll have a kiss.

Both Mr. Cameron and his partner in crime attended the house-warming of the Toronto press club. The Toronto press club jubilates once a year. Generally it jubilates with a big dinner and a big wine list. This year it jubilated with sandwiches and coffee. The change was an advantageous one, and the members arose the following morning feeling otherwise than as if they had spent the night in a lake of fire and brimstone, a phrase, I believe, which was originated by the affable and able president of the club. For some years the Toronto press-club has been quartered in the Grand Opera House building in the apartments now used as the editorial rooms of *SATURDAY NIGHT*. Then they got ambitious and finally moved themselves into their present handsome and commodious—I believe that is the proper expression—house on Bay street. The place has been fitted up with a lavish disregard for monetary considerations. Every room in the house is luxuriously appointed. It is a credit to the club's progressiveness and enterprise. I know of no American press club, outside of the very big cities, which has such princely headquarters. Mr. John Ross Robertson, the president, is responsible for a good deal of this. He has been the best friend the club ever had, and has devoted both his time and his money with marked liberality, to make it a success.

Numerous nominations for membership are posted up on the press club's notice board. On several of them the nominated individuals have put their occupation down "Journalist." This is on a par with the young woman who sells tape and stay laces in a dry-goods store and labels herself saleslady. What surprises me is that men can work on newspapers all their lives without having more sense.

Mr. W. Nye, the alleged humorist, who is at times jocularly referred to as William the bald, Goughthou Baldhead and other names of a similar incandescent nature, is to lecture here shortly for the same price of admission as is charged to see museum freaks. Mr. Nye has been in the city for some days past incog, and one of his last summer suits. He has been prospecting a short and easy way out of the city and fixing localities in his mind, as he is

not in the habit of carrying a compass when he has occasion to move rapidly as he listeth. I met him on a side street and he asked me as a favor to one who had seen better days and had written poetry, to state that he had no connection whatever with the late lamented firm of Annie, Nye, Assiphura & Co. "I am in the lecturing business," he said, while with one horny hand he smoothed out the lines that that ruthless old plowman Time had furrowed in the wild and desolate territory of brow which Mr. Nye sports, "and I am proud to say, that in all my mad career, I have never left undone that which I ought not to have done, or done those things which I ought to have done. I have never made love to the widow or toyed with the simple affections of the interesting-female orphan. I have never uttered a word calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of virgin modesty or make any hardened old sinner wear whiskers. I have always looked up to Truth as a noble ideal which 'twere well for us all to hanker for, and I have spent all my life hankering for it with a wild and soulful hank which time cannot wither nor age destroy."

"You are a humorist, I believe, Father William?" I said, interrogatively.

"My son," he said, "you speak the plain, ungilded truth. You have discernment beyond your years. I am a humorist. Tell it not in Gath, else shall I be brought to the star of *Empire*. I am a wrestler with quips and cranks. I began my newspaper life on the *Berlin News* some years ago. While there I ran a column headed Wit and Humor, and again Mirth and Merriment. Once I introduced a new heading. The town seethed with excitement. People ran from all directions. The office was literally surrounded with a howling human throng. The circulation went up 18½ copies in four hours. It was the greatest success."

"What was the heading?" I asked.

"Phunny Phreaks and Phancies," said the Humorist. "Great, wasn't it?"

"Great."

"I am glad you like it," said Mr. Nye, resignedly. "I think it's pretty neat myself. Come and hear me lecture on the second of February, in the Y. M. C. A. hall."

## Fashion Gossip.



The muffs brought out this winter are certainly very much smaller than those introduced last year. Cords and tassels are no longer used as trimming, and even the fancy satin edge of lining no longer shows, as in the past, for the fur forming the muff is now faced in far enough to prevent the lining from showing. This being

done, the ladies tie a band of satin or moire ribbon about the centre of the muff. This decoration should match the fur in color.

If a cloth jacket is worn with a stylish wool dress, fur may be added to the jacket as finish, in the shape of high collar and cuffs.

For a young lady, a most becoming outfit consists of a cloth jacket and hat, with trimmings of the pretty curled gray lamb's wool, and muff to match the trimming.

Doubtless many readers will be glad to know of a model garment which can be utilized for both morning and evening home wear. And such a one can be made of cashmere, Henrietta or striped or figured flannel.

Take nine yards of single width, or four and a half yards of double width material to form the gown, which has two breadths in the front and two in the back—that is, if the single width fabric is used. Cut the two lengths for the front, measuring from the height of the shoulder to the bottom of the hem. Allow four inches for the hem. Measure the back lengths from the shoulder in the same way, allowing for a demi-train, if desired. In this case, three breadths will be necessary. If the goods are flimsy, line with soft cambric. Baste the lining in before laying the tucks in the yoke. Turn an inch hem on each side of the front, and behind these hems put four one-inch tucks. They may be left open along the edge or stitched flat to a depth just about the turn of the bust. If they are stitched low they look awkward.

If two breadths are in the back one must be divided and stitched on each side of the other, which leaves a broad centre without seams. Make a double box plait in the middle, folded very deep and secured firmly underneath from the back of the neck to just below the waist. After this is done cut out neck, shoulders, armhole and under-arm seams by pattern of a good-fitting corset. Two short openings are made in the back beneath the Watteau for the belt of stuff or ribbon to be passed through. The belt is secured by a few stitches on each side.

Such a gown, if made of striped flannel for morning wear, needs no trimming except the buttons, used in closing it down the front. When intended for informal tea-gown, cashmere or Henrietta are both pretty fabrics to make it of, and then the robe can be trimmed with lace or ruchings of silk.

A very neat and stylish street costume is formed of dark-green velutina, combined with checkered red and green velutetta. The round skirt is made full at the back. The tunic of green velutina forms a full tablier, is draped in folds and then rounded off on the right corner and carried round the left side to the back, there forming a full drapery, covering the entire back of the underskirt. The pointed bodice of green velutina is made with a V plastron of the checked fabric, edged on each side with revers, and trimmed with the V of the red and green velutetta on the shoulder.

The hat is made of the dark-green goods, and is fancifully trimmed with folds, loops, knots and bows of checked velvet ribbon, in the red and green of the dress material.

Pattern robes in plain and decorative materials are just now selling at less than half-value, very handsome specimens in all wool being

marked down to \$5, which, last week were sold at \$12.

A neat model for these combination suits shows a round skirt made with a plaited panel down the left side and full at the back. The tunic open on the left side forms a square apron, and then is carried round the right side to the back, where it is arranged in a graceful plaited drapery. The bodice shows a full plastron, and the sleeves are finished with bands of the fancy fabric.



Lizzie Evans is a bright and clever little woman who will some day be a big success. She belongs to the school of Minnie Maddern—I particularize Minnie Maddern because she is the best example of the school we have to-day—and seeks to please by the artlessness of her art. She is bright, pretty, piquant, not a genius, never will be, but an honest, hard-working, industrious little body who will only limit her possibilities by her capabilities. Her company is not particularly good, with one or two notable exceptions. The principal notable exception is Mr. W. C. Donaldson. Mr. W. C. Donaldson is a Toronto boy, and with his familiar rejoices in the more or less complimentary name of Crossley. He is a thoroughly good fellow and a clever actor, with abilities and staying powers which will ultimately bring him success. He has the particular advantage of knowing how to wear a dress suit on the stage. The country is filled with actors who can don the clown's garb or strut about in the by-me-beard costume of erstwhile, but there are few of them who can act the gentleman.

Miss Bella Moore is bright and fascinating, with some measure of ability which she doesn't at all know how to utilize, and with a good many aspirations which her ability don't warrant. She is a very fair singer of variety hall songs, but she has no more idea of pathetic acting than a soft-shell clam has of heaven. In some light, farcical arrangement where she could float about in a bob-up-serenely dress of white muslin with lace edgings, sings wildly at the slightest provocation, or do whatever else seemed to her meet and proper, I fancy she would be far more successful than in *A Mountain Pink or Life Among the Moonshiners*, a comedy drama in five acts. Why, bless my soul a man tires of the show before he reads its name. Miss Moore is not supported by a particularly strong company.

The comedy drama itself? Man alive, its the same old thing. They're all alike. She has tangled hair, dewey eyes, no education and holes in her stockings—when she has any. Generally it is nothing but holes. Nice young man-love-kisses.

"Dost love me?"

"I dost."

"Sweart."

"I swar."

"See you later."

He wanders. She discovers that somebody is going to do something, flies and tells him, somebody says something, she won't marry him, ha ha! life is worthless, strawberry mark, long lost heiress, me child, marry me! I should snicker, curtain. And there you are.

Next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the Grand's stage will be occupied by the original Sparks company, in Hoyt's Bunch of Keys. The New York *World* remarks: "The unflinching success of this piece is marvellous. There seems to be no let-up whatever in its drawing powers. The company now playing it does very well. Marietta Nash as Teddy Keys is wonderfully bright and agile. Her dancing throws the house into raptures, and she is recalled every night. She is a very promising young lady. Jas. B. Mackie as Jonas Grimes is unexcelled in his way and is a very strong feature of the piece."

One of Miss Lizzie Evans' methods for advertising her performances here was by means of a hanger, which bore this verse:

"Mutton in parrot!" so winning, so wee,  
Maid of golden hair;  
Sunshine comes with thee  
And swallows in the air.

This is refreshing. The young man that perpetrated that must have had it pretty bad. When it comes down to making sunshine swallow in the air, poetic license is getting too wild and terrible to toy with. And the verse itself is the sort of thing no well-regulated book of poems should be without.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

Annie Pixley will not go to Australia after her present tour, as was originally intended, but will play an engagement on the Pacific coast—her first appearance there since she became a star.

A New York reporter has been telling what he knows about the feet of some of our most prominent actresses. He says that Mary Anderson, Mrs. Langtry and Ellen Terry have large feet, while Pauline Hall's feet are simply whoppers; that Annie Pixley, Maud Harrison and Mrs. Abbey have not only well shaped feet, but decidedly small ones.

Now that Jacques Kruger has become a count, yams about his past crop up thick and fast. "I wrote a play once upon a time," said he, "and presented it to a Chicago manager. When I came to the theater I found a buxom woman on the floor of the lobby scrubbing and mopping. 'Is the manager in?' I asked. 'No,' answered she, 'but can I do anything for yer?'"

I was amused, "If ye be one of those play-writin' fellers," continued the woman, "just leave yer play with me. He reads them to me. The manager says I have first-rate taste." They say Moliere read his plays to his cook for approbation, but did you ever hear of a manager reading his plays to his scrubbing woman?"

In Germany theater goers seem to be safe from the dangers arising from fire, but, on the other hand, are exposed to the risk of being drowned. At Bonn recently an audience was drenched in the middle of an opera, owing to a mistake of the man who controls a huge water tank to be used in case of fire. The same thing happened at Munster to an unlucky company of concert singers. On this occasion the flood was so sudden and so deep that Frau Joachim, the celebrated German contralto, and the other singers, were obliged to stand upon chairs and tables until rescued. With their inborn caution and conscientiousness the Germans have evidently learned a lesson from the recent disastrous fires. Since the Opera Comique catastrophe at least a dozen such unexpected floods have taken place in Germany.

Imre Kiralfy recently read a letter from Miss Mary Show, Modjeska's leading lady, in which she denounced stage tights. Miss Show wrote that the best of physicians state that women who wear tights constantly for four months become victims of an incipient disease. The use of tights for a year or more makes them invalids, and, though they go on with their parts, they are subjected at periods to the most intense suffering. "With all respect to the lady, whom I have not had the honor to meet, it is simply ridiculous," said Mr. Kiralfy. "A good answer to your estimable correspondent would be that one of my greatest troubles is losing my girls through marriage. They are much sought after, marry well, and my only consolation is in their husbands' assurances that they make the best of wives and housekeepers. Ballet-girls all live to a good age. Marie Taglioni, the greatest of dancers, was seventy or eighty, I forget which. There was Fanny Elssler, who died an aged lady, and there are many more. I can tell you truthfully that during the nineteen years I have had my company in this country I have never had a case of sickness among them of any kind. I can't say that I particularly admire flesh tights. I think a prettier effect is gotten in some of the soft, delicate shades of silk. I suppose Miss Show means all kinds of tights. She is mistaken; they are not injurious, and they do not stop the circulation. When I ran the Fall of Babylon last summer at St. George's, Staten Island, I had three hundred and fifty young women in tights, in the open air, and all experienced the best of health. My premiere, Miss Qualitz, is another example of the fact that tights do not injure women. Her mother was a German actress, her father a clown in a circus. She has all the best qualities of both. After six years' training in tights she is now one of the liveliest and prettiest dancers at eighteen I ever saw. I tell you, tights are absolutely a necessity. Even women in full-dress upon the stage have to wear them."

## Music.



At the Church of the Redeemer, a well-arranged and well-performed Service of Praise was rendered on Wednesday evening by the choir, assisted by Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Howden, Mr. Walter Read and Mr. Torrington. I think Mr. Schuch might have shortened his programme somewhat, as, however good the performers may be, as they undoubtedly were in this case, the restraint of sitting in a church, awed to a certain extent by the solemn surroundings, becomes irksome in the course of an hour and three-quarters to the ordinary Philistine. The ladies sang extremely well, and I for one, shall be very glad to hear them again in music of a religious tendency. Mr. Torrington's mansuadness was well displayed in his playing. His brilliant technique, clever registration, and expressive rendering brought to my mind his reiterated cry for a music hall with a large public organ. Toronto should have such a hall, where not only large orchestras, our local societies and large concert companies can be heard at a scale of prices placing them within the reach of all, but where the organists of the city could give public recitals.

The literature of the organ is so large and varied, while at the same time so pure and correct in its character that it would be difficult to find a better educator outside of a full orchestra. In all the large English cities, and in many of the cities of the United States, such organs exist, and weekly recitals are the regular thing. Such a system would give a wonderful impetus to musical matters here, by producing a friendly rivalry between the organists would make them shake up the dry bones a little. In the meantime why do not the churches follow the good example given them by these services? Messrs. Doward and Schuch have shown commendable energy and enterprise by giving these monthly recitals, and are already feeling the good results in the increased efficiency of their choirs. Besides this, the interchange of organists and vocalists enables the congregations to hear others than those who are before them every Sunday, and can enjoy programmes of sacred music of such variety as cannot be used in the routine of Sunday services. I suppose it means work and trouble, but it certainly prevents fossilizing. At the Church of the Redeemer I heard Mr. G. H. Fairclough, the regular organist of the church, who strikes me as a young man of considerable promise. He is somewhat

crude yet, maybe, but he has powers which will develop with time if he sticks to it, as I believe it is his intention to do.

I was reading a little book the other day, entitled *Advice to Singers*, and was struck by a remark concerning a suppositious Mr. Handel Moscheles Ignazio Jones, Professor of the Pianoforte, Harmony, the Violin, Italian and Singing! The name is suppositious, but the gentleman and his qualifications are present (in advertisements) all around us. These are the men who "study" music until they can tickle the piano a little and write out a few incorrect examples in harmony, play a scale or two on the violin, and learn to play the organ or a piano with pedal attachment in the fond belief that the organ is to be played principally with one foot trickling over the pedals and the other foot caressing the swell pedal. These are the men who when they have acquired their incompetence in these accomplishments buy a singing primer and undertake to make or break a fresh young voice according to its rules. I have heard of a prominent man in Toronto, one who is to-day a shining star in the local constellation of musical light, who makes his singing pupils sing over their exercises without any regard for the quality of voice they sing them in, and without any regard to the registers of the voice, looking merely for correct notation, and when one exercise has been sung through in this manner, he will say, "Now sing the next!"

Occasionally one of these gentlemen is conscientious enough to go to a proper singing teacher and take ten or a dozen lessons before adding the shibboleth "singing" to his legend of accomplishments. It reminds me of a cartoon in an American paper at the outbreak of the civil war. Gen. Pierce was portrayed reading Hardy's Tactics in the heat of the battle of Bull Run, and saying, "Let me see, what's next? Oh, yes! Retreat—Bugler, sound the Retreat!" A similar hugging of book progress, without study of the pupil, is a scintillating characteristic of the singing masters I allude to. So it is with the piano as well. Pupils go to a teacher for years and learn a never-ending procession of pieces, without in the least degree being taught what underlies the pieces. They cannot even play a hymn tune, and if they want to learn a waltz have to return to a teacher, because they cannot pick it out by themselves.

Is this honorable? Is it not discreditable alike to the man who makes these pretensions and to the public which is so easily gulled by them? Of course there are a few men who are talented enough to attain excellence in many branches of music, but there are few of them in Toronto, yet nearly all of our piano teachers claim to teach singing, when their sole qualification is that they can tinkle an accompaniment. You must have noticed how often a singer appears with a great flourish of trumpets as the pupil of Mr. So-and-so, and with a really pleasing fresh voice. She sings for a year or so, and the voice give out. It has lost the grace and charm of youth and freshness, and has no attributes which can replace these. She has been taught by one of these gentlemen, and has learnt songs, not singing; exercises, not method. Such examples are many in the memory of us all. A singer has to study years before he attains self-dependence, and only then he knows what these gentry pick up without study or effort, but merely imbibe through the pores, as it were, because they are geniuses and wear their hair long.

I have heard organists (?) who applied for church positions, who could play half a dozen organ solos beautifully, just like Mr. Pedal or Mr. Dulciana, but who could not read hymn tunes or the accompaniment of an anthem with the slightest conception of what was required of them. They learn organ pieces, not organ playing. I asked one of these aspirants the other day, "Do you play any technical exercises to teach you touch?" "Oh no! but in three years, I have learned a lot of splendid solos!" The fault does not lie altogether with the teachers. Pupils are sent to them by ambitious parents, who are not satisfied unless the pupils make what they call progress, that is, play something or sing something; and if the poor teachers does not give in to this pressure he loses a pupil, and gains a reputation for inefficiency. Still I have seen few cases where the talking and preaching of plain, practical musical religion would not have a good effect. Honesty and truth, persistently directed at such parents and pupils must tell in the end.

Speaking of the standing and pretensions of music teachers reminds me that the Canadian Society of Musicians is endeavoring to encourage composition by Canadians. We have in Canada several people who have done good work in this line: Mr. Ambrose, Mr. Torrington, Mr. A. E. Fisher, Mr. C. A. E. Harris and Mrs. F. J. Moors have done work delightful in its quality, and correct in its musicianship, but we have also some people who cause us to be thankful that publishers are proverbially coy. The field of melody has been pretty well exhausted, and a perfectly new musical phrase of melodic excellence is now pretty rare, and the harmonic and practical treatment of a theme or song is, generally speaking, as much as we explore, for originality. Mr. Fisher's "Old Voices" and Mr. Harris' "Reaper" are two notable recent exceptions. Originality of melody and boldness of treatment vie with each other in both cases, but alas! that I should have to say it, in most cases the great conception is merely the jingle of a reminiscence.

Mr. Arthur E. Fisher is hard at work on his exercise for his Mus. Doc. degree at Trinity college, which will take the shape of a Thanksgiving Cantata. I have been told by those who have heard parts of it, that it is a very fine work, for chorus and full orchestration. Mr. Fisher has also commenced a full church service in unison, with both plain and full organ accompaniments. Mr. C. A. E. Harris of the church of St. James the Apostle, in Montreal, I hear, will visit Toronto in February. This gentleman is one of the most finished organists in Canada, and I hope he may be induced to play while in the city.







## FOR TWENTY YEARS:

A Story of Love and Life in England.

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

Author of "Old Middleton's Money," "Victor and Vanquished," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

It was there that Adelaide saw him again for the first time for nearly seven years. He did not recognize her; he was but dimly aware of what was going on around him; his companions dragged him quickly on, and her Grace's carriage was soon out of sight.

"A bad case," said the doctor of the ward in which Jim lay, to his assistant. "This man has not long to live; he ought to have come here long ago."

"Hush! he hears you," said the other. The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"He must know it soon," he said.

Jim, who had been lying half-unconscious on his bed, opened his eyes and looked full in the face of the last speaker. There was an eager, frightened look in his sunken eyes and a tremor on the pale lips.

"What must I know?" he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

"That you are ill—very ill!" said the younger of the two doctors, kindly.

"Ill? Yes, sir, I know that; I've been ill a long time. But it's more than that he said."

And Jim looked at the other and old man.

"I said you were in a bad way, my poor fellow!" he answered, replying to Jim's questioning look. "But we'll do what we can for you."

Jim sighed convulsively and tried to raise himself, but the effort was too much for him, and he fell back exhausted.

The young doctor began to arrange the bandages on his arm.

"It doesn't hurt now; the pain's gone," Jim murmured.

"Yes, yes; I know," the doctor answered, gently.

"And I, ignorant though I be, know what that means; and I know what he meant. I'm a dead man, sir!" answered Jim.

"We are afraid," began the other.

"That my hand is mortifying, and my arm too. Yes, I've seen a good many bad wounds in my day, gentlemen, and I know how things go. Well, ain't I right?" And he looked keenly at the two doctors.

"Yes," answered the elder, gravely.

"Then," said Jim, after a pause during which his labored breathing was painful to hear, "send for a magistrate, gentlemen, for I've something to confess before I die. Be still and quiet—it's your only chance."

"What! it is so near as that?" whispered Jim, growing so white that the nurse hastened to administer a restorative to him.

And then he lay perfectly still. A couple of hours later the doctor and another gentleman appeared.

"In time?" asked the doctor, in a low voice; but Jim heard him.

"In time, sir, but not one bit too soon," he answered. "Now let me tell my story."

And as the magistrate sat beside him he told the story of the poisoning affray at Yards.

"I swore at the trial," he commenced, "that George York was the man who shot Tom Winch. It was a lie. George York raised his gun to his shoulder, but he never fired. The gun wasn't loaded. I knowed that all the time, and that's why I couldn't meet his eyes in court. They staggered me. I knocked the gun out of his hand, and Baines collared him from behind. He struggled hard then, sure enough!—who wouldn't have?—but he was quite enough till he was attacked. He'd nothing to do with the poachers—not he! He was in the wood to meet his sweetheart—the girl I loved—his sweetheart, though she vowed to the last she wasn't! That's why I swore away his liberty, to get him out of my way. I hated him then, but somehow I'm sorry I did it now. Patience wouldn't have me, after all—I was a fool to think she ever loved me and everything's gone from bad to worse with me ever since."

He stopped, and lay quite still with shut eyes, then suddenly he spoke again.

"Jeff Luke—Luke the loafer, as they call him—swore as I did; I gave him five pounds for his trouble. Where is he? Why, in jail, working out seven years for burglary, but he'll speak the truth if ye ask him; he's no more to gain for telling the lie now—he knows that."

And then Jim Morton was silent, and the magistrate and doctor, when the confession had been duly signed, left him.

"Mayhap Patience'll marry him now," he muttered, an hour or two later, "but it'll be all one to me—I shall see it. Patience is a good lass; I loved her, but she was too good for a miserable wretch like me."

Next day there was another vacant bed in the hospital ward, and Jim Morton had breathed his last.

"I'm glad I told them," were his last words.

## CHAPTER IX.

It was March—a cold, windy March; snow fell almost daily, and was blown into deep drifts by the wild blast. Such terrible weather so late in the season had not been known for years, and the farmers were all beginning to lament, and look forward to a bleak, late spring.

"The duchess comes down to-day, father," said Mrs. Hollingford, as she and the farmer, with Patience and old Gilbert York (whom the Hollingfords had taken home for the winter, that Patience might be able to look after him more constantly), sat round the fire after tea.

"It's the second visit only she's paid to Yards since she was married. Lady Adelaide—her Grace, I mean—used to be fond of Yards once on a time, but now, may be, she's too fine for it."

"Very likely; it's not too lively, with the earl laid up with the gout, and Lady St. Quintin with rheumatism," laughed the farmer.

"And Lady Adelaide won't be able to ride about this snowy weather," chimed in Patience.

"Lady Adelaide—Lady Adelaide—a fine young lady," chuckled old Gilbert.

"I mind me now she and my boy George used to ride about together not so long ago. She had a rare seat on horseback, and he's the best rider in these parts. When is he coming home, Patience? I must be back in the old house when he comes, mind ye."

"Yes, yes," smiled Patience; "we go back before then."

And the smile was followed by a sigh. When would he be? Not in the poor old man's time.

"Do ye know, Patience," he went on, his dim eyes fixed on the fire, "I've felt queer to-day. I've been fancying George would come very soon—that he was very near me. I almost thought when I woke this morning he was at my bed, and I should hear his voice rousing me with 'Get up, father; it's a fine morning, and ye shouldn't lie abed any longer!'"

The tones were so like George's that Patience started.

"There, there, Mr. York!" said Mrs. Hollingford, testily, as she looked at her child; "George isn't come yet, and surely it's bedtime, and I've lit the fire for you up-stairs. Patience, child, light Mr. York's candle, and father will see him to bed, whilst I just make 'un a cup of gruel."

Patience did as she was bid, lit the candle, bade Gilbert good night, and when Mrs. Holling-

ford went off to make the gruel, sat down by the fire again.

The wind blew in gusts, and the snow beat against the window.

It was a wretched night. Patience pitied all poor houseless wanderers who might be abroad in such weather.

As she sat, the firelight playing on her golden-brown hair, she heard a footstep without.

The garden gate, half blocked with snow, was pushed violently open. Someone was coming to the door.

Who could it be on such a night? She seemed to recognize the footstep, muffled as was its fall on the snow.

Suddenly, she started up with a stifled cry, and a strange, almost unearthly, light in her eyes.

There was a knock at the door, and a faint, peculiar whistle from without reached her ears; and in an instant, heedless of the snow and wind, Patience had flown to the door, unbarred it, and thrown it wide open.

"Patience, child, art thee mad?" cried the farmer.

But Patience heeded him not. She had darted out into the storm.

"George! George!" she cried.

And, in an instant, she returned, leading by the hand a tall, gaunt, sparsely-clad figure, and George York stood in the midst of his friends once more.

"George!" cried the farmer, aghast, whilst Patience still held his hand, trembling violently.

"Good heart, the wind!" cried Mrs. Hollingford, entering.

But when she saw George she gave one scream, and rushed towards him.

"What are ye gaping at, farmer?" she cried, as, just in time, she pushed George to the sofa.

"Can't ye see the poor soul's froze, and, maybe, starved? Patience, I thought more sense of you! Here, George, drink this, and talk afterwards!"

He drank the warm ale the good woman had prepared for the farmer, and then looked about him.

"Patience! Patience!" he said.

"I am here, George!" she sobbed, coming to him.

"Patience! Yes, she is true and good!" he muttered, looking up into her face in a bewildered manner. Then he drew his hand across his eyes, and in a moment or two seemed to collect his scattered senses, and to realize where he was.

His eyes fell on old Gilbert's chair in the chimney corner.

"My father?" he asked.

"Alive and well, George," cried the farmer, cheerily, "thanks to Patience there!"

"Patience again; my good angel!" he murmured; whilst Patience, her eyes brimming over, blushed for joy.

"And how came ye to get away?" whispered the farmer, after George, warmed and clothed with dry raiment, had seated himself again by the fire. "We'll keep ye safe, George; they shall never harm ye."

"Doesn't ye know, farmer? Haven't ye read in the papers?" he asked in surprise.

"No; I've seen no papers this two weeks past," said the farmer; whilst Mrs. Hollingford and Patience looked at him expectantly.

"They found out they were wrong about me," said George in a hard voice; "and after inflicting seven years of torture, and misery, and degradation on me for 'nothing,' they've turned me out into the world again. Too late!—too late!"

And, with a groan, George hid his face in his hands. "A wretch—a miserable, dishonored wretch!" he muttered. "They've a deal to answer for! As for Jim Morton—Heaven help me!—I can't forgive him, though he's gone to his last account, and he did his best to repair his fault before he died!"

"What! that—that Jim Morton dead!" cried Mrs. Hollingford; whilst Patience gave a cry of horror.

"Yes; he told all before he died, and then they let me go—not three days ago," replied George. "But it's too late now, as I said."

"Too late! too late for what?"

They all looked at George as he spoke, and wondered.

He was changed—awfully changed. Stern, haggard, with hard, cold eyes, and a fixed, sullen mouth; aged, thin, rough-looking, dejected.

As Patience looked at him, her heart sank and a sorrowing pity, that filled her with tears, took possession of her.

"George—dear George!" she said, coming and sitting down beside him; "don't ye think of the past any more. It is over and done with; let's forget it. It is not too late for you to live the old, happy life again."

He looked up into her sweet face, and his eyes softened. He took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"Ah, Patience!" he said, in something of his old voice; "ye don't know what the remembrance of ye has been to me all these years of hell upon earth!"

Then a terrible pang shot through his breast. He let the little hand drop, bowed his head on his breast, and groaned in bitterness of spirit.

"Ye're tired, man, and done up," said the farmer, compassionately. "Wife, is the bedroom ready? Then, George, ye'd best say good night, and be ready to wake thy old father to-daybreak tomorrow. Yes; he's here. And ye didn't know that, of course? He'll be right glad to see ye to-morrow. He's a bit weak in the head, ye know, and thinks ye've been gone but a little time—just on a pleasure trip, ye know."

"A pleasure trip!" groaned George. "Well, it's better as far. It's well he should think of a poor old fellow!"

Tired though George was, he was still evidently disinclined to go to bed. He was restless and fidgety; and half a dozen times it seemed as if he were on the point of asking a question but stopped before the words were out of his mouth.

But the farmer at last managed to get him up-stairs, and was about to leave him at the door of his room, when George laid a detaining hand on his arm, and looked sternly into his face.

"Tell me," he said, in a voice that he tried to prevent rising to an angry pitch, "I—I saw Lady Adelaide Harcourt at the railway station in London this morning; who was the man she was with? I seem to know his face, but—"

"Lady Adelaide?" replied the farmer, in surprise. "Ah, I forgot! of course ye've not heard. Lady Adelaide's not Lady Adelaide now, man. She married the Duke of Almadale over six years ago."

George looked in a scared way at Farmer Hollingford's face, and his hand dropped from the farmer's arm; then he burst into a long, harsh laugh.

"Married—of course—what a fool I am! Over six years ago! She's not Lady Adelaide Harcourt now, of course; how should she be?" he cried.

"Why, no; it's not very likely a beautiful young lady like she was would remain unmarried long. But never mind the duchess now, George; man; get ye to bed; ye look a bit dazed yet."

And Farmer Hollingford went out shutting the door behind him.

"Poor fellow!" he thought, shaking his head sorrowfully. "Hope his trouble hasn't disturbed his brain. He looked mortal queer just now, and laughed like a madman. Poor George!"

As soon as the farmer had gone, George sat down by the bed, and buried his face in his hands.

Married! She had married—or the world had called it married—only a few months after he had been sent away! She had quite forgotten him, almost before he had been sent to Portland. She had rejoiced, no doubt to hear of his conviction, and the length of his sentence—twenty years! Of course, she had never expected him to come back again.

But he had come back, and now he would expose her; he would have his revenge. He would go and proclaim her what she was—a hypocrite, a liar, a deceiver. He would take her away from the man she had deceived into marrying her. She should follow him and live in poverty, the wife of George York, the ex-convict; the whole world should know her shameful history!

A savage joy filled his heart as he thought of it; and he chuckled aloud as he pictured to himself her agony of despair and shame his blood rushed in surging torrents through his veins as he paced restlessly up and down the room. He heard strange sounds, and saw strange sights; he could have sworn Adelaide was standing before him, and he struck at the phantom savagely, and then sunk down on the bed exhausted.

She knew me this morning—I vow she did. I saw her start and change color. What thought!

"Adelaide, oh, why could you not have remained true to me?"

Then darkness came over his darkness, and he knew no more.

She had recognized him, and with a pang of despair and horror that almost overpowered her.

She and her husband had left town that morning for Yards. The earl was ill, and desired to see his daughter; and, much against her will, the duke had decided she must go to the castle, and insisted on setting off that morning.

"Such a day to start," she complained. "It's so cold, but I must go. What on earth will Yards be like? What my father can want me for I can't imagine. It is pure caprice on his part."

"I don't see anything unnatural in a man wanting to see his child when he's dangerously ill," replied the duke, coldly; for Adelaide's illness and irritability were beginning to be very wearisome to him.

"Nonsense! papa is no worse than usual—just one of his fits of the gout, and he will be as cross as possible, I suppose," she replied.

"Well, don't ye be cross, too, my dear," replied Hubert, dryly. "One must give up one's own way sometimes, ye know."

"Oh, ye are never tired of preaching that to me," she retorted. "It seems to me I am always obliged to give up my own way nowadays."

"I don't see it particularly," he answered. "Here we are, and only five minutes to spare. Ye keep us waiting so long. Follow me. The train starts from the station platform."

It was just before stepping into the carriage that Adelaide became aware that she was the object of the special attention of a tall, poorly-clad man standing not ten yards from her behind a huge pile of luggage.

"Stand aside, my man," cried a porter, and, as he rolled the trunk away, Adelaide raised her eyes, and cast one anxious, curious, haughty glance at the person addressed.

Her heart almost stopped, and, for an instant, every limb was rigid with terror.

Changed as he was, in one moment she recognized George York.

Had he recognized her? Not one muscle in his face had changed as he looked on her. The dull, farous, sullen light in his dark eyes had not altered. But what did it matter?—he was there!—at liberty—out of prison, and he was her husband!

"Get in, Adelaide, the train will be off in a moment," said the duke, impatiently, and mechanically Adelaide entered the carriage, took her seat and huddled herself up in a corner, lowered her veil, and did not look up again till the train was well out of the station.

"Are ye cold?—will ye have your other rug?" asked Almadale, in a few moments. "Ye look pale."

"Yes;—no; I'm warm enough," she answered. But her teeth chattered and her hands shook.

"Nonsense! Ye look perished," he replied, taking down a fur-lined rug and wrapping it round her. Then he sat down again and began to read.

"Hubert!" she said, in a low, trembling voice half an hour later.

"Well, my dear," he replied.

"Did ye see that man on the platform, close to us as we got into the carriage?" she asked.

"No. What man?" he said carelessly.

"A tall, dark man, with close-cut hair. He looked hard at me and so wildly like a maniac. He was very like George York, who was—"

"Yes; I remember," replied the duke. "Perhaps it was him, and his time's up."

"No, no; he got twenty years! Don't ye remember ye saw him among her furs in silence, to think about George York with a terror that she felt was driving her mad."

"I wonder shall we see him at Yards?" she said, as they neared the station.

"He—who? Oh, the man ye thought was that young blackguard, York? No, my dear; not likely. There's no third class to this train; and your description of the man, I don't suppose he is likely to travel first or second."

Adelaide felt relieved. She looked around the platform as she got out of the carriage. They were the only people who left the train at the little station. George York had not come.

She tried to persuade herself that the man she had seen was, after all, not George, but with poor success.

The earl was better when they arrived; so much better than he was to come down to dinner that evening, and declared he would make his appearance in the breakfast room next morning.

"It's snowing as hard as it can snow," he said, and when the snow was once down I shall be better. This sort of weather is fearful. Nothing is so bad in the way of weather as a cold English spring."

"And no place in England is so cold and damp in spring as this horrid old castle!" said Adelaide.

"Ah, I remember when there was no place ye liked so well as Yards!" cried the Earl.

"The trouble your aunt and I had to get you to leave it! Now it's not good enough for your Grace!"

And he laughed sarcastically.

Next morning the sun shone brightly, and the wind had fallen; there was a dead calm. The snow covered the lawns and the shrubs round the castle and hung in huge masses on the great pine trees.

Adelaide looked out over the white landscape with a shiver.

"It will thaw this afternoon, they say, and then it will be damp, by Jove!" cried the earl, and he bobbed into the room. "Cicely! pity you! Look out for your rheumatism! We shall be swamped here!"

"My rheumatism, Hetherington?" cried Lady St. Quintin, entering in a state of great excitement. "Oh, I can't think about my rheumatism just now! I've heard such a piece of news!"

"News at Yards?" cried Adelaide.

But she heart sank.

She knew as it were by instinct what was coming.

"Yes, and news that will delight you, my dear, I know. Who do you think has come back? Guess, guess!" she cried.

"Come back! What do you mean?" asked the earl.

"Yes, come back! Pardon me! No, I mean innocent. He never did it, after all," she began, eagerly, and, as usual with her, incoherently.

"Why?" cried the duke. "You don't mean George York, Lady St. Quintin? Adelaide!"

"But I do," returned Lady St. Quintin.

"Did ye ever hear of anything so romantic?" "Dear me! And I never told you, Cicely!" cried the earl. "I read in the paper yesterday all about it; but her Grace then coming down, put it all out of my head. Your favorite, Patience, will rejoice now."

"Yes, and George is at the Hollingford's. It was all that horrid, dreadful Jim Morton, who swore that wasn't true; and that other horrid fellow—I forget his name. But it's all right now, and of course he'll marry Patience presently."

"And they'll be happy for ever afterwards, as the old stories say," laughed the duke. "Adelaide, ye were right, after all, and the man ye saw at the station yesterday must have been Bonnie George York."

And the duke turned round to look for Adelaide, but she had vanished.

## (To be Continued.)

## The Bright Side.

There is many a rest in the road of life  
If we only would stop to take it,  
And many a tone from the better land  
If the querulous heart would wake it.  
To the land of hope and the land of love,  
To the beautiful trust ne'er falleth,  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright  
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low  
And to keep the eyes still lifted,  
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through  
When the ominous clouds are rifted.  
There was never a night without a day,  
Or an evening without a morning,  
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,  
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life  
Which we pass in our life pleasure  
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,  
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.  
It may be the love of a little child,  
Or a mother's prayers to heaven,  
Or only a beggar's thank of life  
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden filling,  
And to do God's will with a ready heart  
And hands that are swift and willing.  
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads  
Of our curious lives asunder.  
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends  
And sit and grieve and wonder.

## Clips.

Weighed in the balance and found wanting—  
An East Side ton of coal.

It is no great credit for the worm to turn  
when stepped upon. A barrel hoop will do the same thing.

"See here, waiter, how is it that I find a  
trousers button in this salad?" "Dat am a  
part of de dressin', sah."

The baker pays his employees good wages and  
pays them regularly, and yet some of them  
often knead bread.

There isn't a more innocent little thing in the  
world than a brook trout, and yet it has made  
hopeless liars of thousands of men.

It is often said that "two heads are better  
than one," but the fellow who had a head "put  
on him" says he doesn't want another.

Many a poor woman thinks she can do nothing  
without a husband, and when she gets one she  
finds she can do nothing with him.

Mr. Featherly—What beautiful teeth Miss  
Smith has! Miss Sharptongue—Yes, I think  
her last set much prettier than the other.

"Too much absorbed in his business," was  
the comment of a newspaper on the death of a  
brewer who was found drowned in a tank of  
his own beer.

It is a singular fact that when two young  
men meet they address each other. "How are  
you, old man!" and that when two old fellows  
meet they say, "My boy."

Customer (in Chinese laundry)—Does that  
dog belong to you, John? Celestial—Yen.  
Customer—Are you fond of dogs? Celestial—  
When hungry, dog belly good.

Customer (who has poured out a big drink for  
himself)—I think I will take just a drop of  
biters. Bartender (politely)—Very well, sir, if  
you think there is room for it.

A lover's strategem—How is it you always  
take your intended to the railway station?  
Because we can there kiss undisturbed, as folks  
think we are merely saying good bye.

Teacher—Have animals a capacity for affec-  
tion? Class—Nearly all. Teacher—Correct.  
Now what animal possesses the greatest at-  
tachment for man? Little Girl—Woman.

"Then you do love me, Evaline?" he said.  
"I



## The Society Artist.

Having come, through the favor of the post-office, into receipt of the statement, engrossed by the art of the scribe on a ragged, double-weight Whatman paper, that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery would be pleased to have the favor of my company at his reception at No. 4444 Broadway, yesterday, I took the freak upon me to grant to Mr. Cheviott Sniggery the pleasure that he so politely craved. I do not know Mr. Cheviott Sniggery personally, though I had dim memories of him as an elegant young man, with a flat head, on which the central parting of his hair made a mathematically straight line as if drawn with pale pink chalk, with a single eye glass, and an English accent of the rarest quality. Why Mr. Cheviott Sniggery should experience any special desire for my society I could not comprehend. How, of the existence of such a person as myself, was not exactly clear to me. Perhaps it was as much to satisfy myself upon these points, now that I come to analyze it, as to do any special honor to Mr. Cheviott Sniggery, that I found my way yesterday afternoon to 4444 Broadway.

It was evident as I approached the door of the studio building which bears the symmetrical number given on Cheviott Sniggery's card, that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery was going to enjoy the pleasure of quite an amount of society that afternoon, and of good society, too. Society was coming in carriages, with coachmen in livery, and on foot, with a vast deal of rattling and banging, and clattering of hoofs, and clashing of nickel-plated and gilded harness-chains, to the gaping edification of a shivering street mob kept in order by two gigantic policemen. An individual with large hands and feet, and a very large and shiny hat, on a very small head, that seemed all jaw and mustache, who appeared to be on familiar terms with both the representatives of the constituted authorities, and who consequently enjoyed the awful admiration of the crowd, remarked, as I came up:

"Is it a funeral or wedding, Mike?"

"Faith!" replied one of the officers, "nayther. It's wan av their artists givin' a despection to his friends."

Anyone familiar with the works of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery—for Cheviott Sniggery is, I should explain, an artist, or what passes in society for such—will, no doubt, appreciate the accuracy of this speculation. The inquirer, pursuing his quest for knowledge asked:

"Is he a fine artist, Mike?"

"Faith," returned Mike as before, and with equal felicitousness of expression, "he's wan av them society artists, don't ye know. Now then, ye vagabonds (to an excited small boy), kape yer brogues off the carpet."

There was a strip of carpet laid from the door of 4444 Broadway to the curbstone to protect society's soles from the soil of the vulgar flag stones. There was a canopy over it to protect society's crowns from possible violence from the rude elements. There were two colored persons to open the storm-doors of 4444 Broadway, so that society should not stain its gilded hands by contact with them, and on every landing up the two long flights of stairs, there were rich Oriental rugs for society to rest its weary feet upon while it gathered its second wind. As I went up the stairs, along with the Gyltvedges, and Munnysbaggies, and the Hy-flyers, and the Bauppegue-Bollisters, and the rest, I must confess I experienced a certain thrill of pride, and that my anticipatory admiration of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery rose at least fifty per cent.

But when we gained the topmost landing, and found the treasures of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's studio overrunning the public passage like the stock of a holiday shop: when, I say, we landed amid an overflow of the splendors of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's atelier, which transformed the hallway into a cross between a Paris brie-a-brac booth and a London cigar divan, then did the whole magnificence of the occasion commence to dawn upon us.

"Gad!" gasped young Caddison, of the Knickerbocker club, who had climbed ahead of me, along with the Buser girls; "Cheviott's laid in a fresh stock of wubbish. Woudaw what went Syphax takes him faw it, anyhow. And from the laugh that Caddison got, it was evident that the society found some meaning to his not flagrantly lucid or brilliant ebullition.

Society was in full fig and fine feathers on the stairs and above the stairs, as in the street itself. In the decorated corridor, society lounged upon rug-covered sofas; it leaned against walls hung with faded tapestries of Flanders and Italy; it stood about a certain siped about nothing as only society can; while through the open door of the studio came the sweet tinkle of a mandolin and the chiming clatter of teacups. Society smoked cigarettes in the hallway, while within society sipped tea; and it may be of interest to make note of the fact that among the social brigade that guarded Mrs. Cheviott Sniggery's approaches was one fair Amazon, whose manipulation of the nicotine cylinder would have been an object-lesson for Mrs. Langtry in the first act of As in a Looking-Glass.

"It's that Fyregyle girl," says the elder Miss Munnysbaggie, who wears glasses and belongs to the Nineteenth Century Club; "bold creature! such vulgarity!"

Whereupon she and her sister commence a critical survey of the assembled company through quizzing glasses, with gilt handles crusted with the highest colored stones in the market, and honor one and all of us with the metallic stare of as many millions as are supposed to constitute the Munnysbaggie capital.

"That dear Mrs. Sniggery!" cry the Buser girls, who always speak together. "She has not grown a day older, has she?"

"Hum!" replies Caddison, "she cawn't, don't chew know. Haw son is an awtist, don't chew know. All the waw materials on hand, don't chew know."

"Plenty of raw material to work on, too," says Miss Celia Squawker, whose wit shares the sharpness of her nose, and then we all laugh again.

Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's mother and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt received for the gifted scion of the Sniggery house. Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's mother received the Munnysbaggie velvet and a red bosom, and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt in yellow satin and a bust to match. Posted at the studio door these stately and, in the matter of toilets, unsecretive ladies extended to society the word of welcome and the couple of dozen-button gloved hand of hospitality. And it must be admitted that society endured the vast and billowy revelations of tissue and tint that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's mother and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt had unveiled for them with a fortitude and a resignation that could only come of a long course of Metropolitan Opera House on first nights. Exactly why Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's mother and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt should have burst into the glory of full toilet, while every one else wore tailor-made gowns and furred coats, did not appear. Perhaps it was to give significant expression of their stand on the vexed question of the nude in art, that is just now agitating all walks of local society, including Mr. Anthony Constock's. If it was, the eloquence of their voiceless proclamation of principles was certainly most convincing.

With society guarding his ante-chamber, and dignity, comparatively unadorned, doing sentry duty at his door, Mr. Cheviott Sniggery, within the precincts of his artistic shrine, twangled the mandolin and decanted tea for society, in alternating devotions to the duty of the day. Animate and inanimate society was fully represented in Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's studio. It must be confessed that the counterfeited presentations of society as presented by Mr. Cheviott Sniggery among the decorations of his walls, did not appeal as vividly or vitally to the critical eye as the originals upon the floor. The young ladies with pink and white complexions, and the older ladies with pinker and whiter complexions, on

Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's canvasses, did, so to speak an artistic injustice to their living selves, in that they were so much cleaner, and pinker, and whiter. But they were all handsomely framed, and varnished, till they might have done duty as mirrors, and when you take into consideration the fact that frames and varnish have often more influence on the sale of pictures than art, you will not, I am sure, wonder at being told that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery is one of the most popular and prosperous portrait-painters in or out of society in New York.

Besides, the quality of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's art is quite on a par with his patrons' appreciation of it. The conventions of criticism received small honor from the company assembled at Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's reception. In a general way, society might as well have been commending doll babies or pet dogs as the production of a glowing palette and an inspired brush. The rattle of small talk was a mixture of gossip and scandal, with dashes at the pictures now and then, wondrously bewildering to a mind not familiar with the intimate usages of that exalted society which Mr. Cheviott Sniggery adorns, if he does not altogether embellish it.

"And did you really, Mr. Sniggery," this from Miss Squawker, "paint that picture of dear Mrs. Van Swiller in those nasty, greasy colors that smell so? Who would believe it possible!"

"Well, my dear Miss Celia," observes little Snobley, whose ancestry began in a candlefactory in Greenpoint, "it is not altogether inappropiate, you know, faw the Van's got theah little pile in pawk, didn't they?"

"Dreadful aw's that Snobley," says Caddison, whose whole existence is devoted to out-doing Snobley in trousers and cravat. "Cawn't tell the difference between a cwomo and a theatrical postaw, by Gad! And heah him set up faw a cwic, by Gad!"

"Fine color in that head of Mother Sniggery there," remarks a critical old clubman, through the vapor of his tea, "but rather painty."

"Ah! But remember the original, you dear old cynic," from a dowager, herself not innocent of an application of the arts to personal embellishment.

"They haven't been seen anywhere this season, and I read in *Town Topics* this week," Backbyte drops his voice, and sets a scandal afloat in an undertone.

"The story is quite true, my dear," says the elder Miss Munnysbaggie seriously to the younger ditto; "the Munnysbaggie girls never converse with any one who does not rate as high financially as themselves. They are really not worth more than a million, and it may be even less, for all we know."

And so it goes; the fashions, the people we know, the things we think we know, the rags and scraps of scandal that the winds of rumor blow about the town, with the sharp twangle of the mandolin punctuating it all, and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery making tea in the samovar by the gallon, and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's mother, and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt growing more high-colored and billowy at the door, and becoming so moist in their arduous efforts at hospitality that they commence to shine as if they had been varnished like the rest of the works of art which they stand sponsors for, and looking—good, elderly, and a deal happier at saying good-bye to us than at giving us good-bye.

When he is not enjoying the pleasure of society's company in his studio, and society is not enjoying the pleasure of his company in its drawing-rooms, Mr. Cheviott Sniggery pursues, for what with his own popularity and the necessity of a constant competition for society's favor with his rival, Tommy Poppun, Mr. Cheviott Sniggery is a busy man. The fact that Tommy Poppun not only paints society, but also models society in clay, gives him a certain advantage over Mr. Cheviott Sniggery, but this is offset by the fact that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's mother and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt are ever ready to leap into the breach in his behalf, even if they have to do it half-dressed. Tommy Poppun has won a certain consideration, too, for his graceful activity and tried staying powers in the german, but has not yet been able to master the mandolin to brew tea of the requisite subtlety of flavor; so that, when the account comes to be balanced, it will doubtless be found that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery is at least a neck, or, perhaps, two necks and two busts ahead of him in the race, with a teapot and a mandolin to hear from.

What disposition society makes of the portraits Mr. Cheviott Sniggery and Tommy Poppun make of it, no mortal outside the confidence of the sitters themselves has ever been able to discover. Owing to the prejudices of the juries of admission, not to say their professional jealousies, the works of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery and his rival do not appear in any of our academy exhibitions. Neither do they share with the gems of Corot and Millet, of Meissonier, Bougereau, Bonnat, and the rest of the modern masters, the honors of society's walls. Perhaps the famous portrait of Mrs. Mackay, they are suspended in the more sacred precincts of society's house. Perhaps they are added to society's treasures in the safe deposit vaults as being quite too precious for ordinary use. At any rate, if you should wish to view them, you must get Mr. Cheviott Sniggery to request the pleasure of your company, and seek them in the home of their first being and the atmosphere which inspired them.

When I emerged, from the intoxicating atmosphere of the superior world in which the art of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery is pampered, into the street again, I ran plump into a man in a thin overcoat buttoned to his throat, whom the first January blast was blowing before it like a leaf. When he turned to reciprocate my apologies, I recognized him, and he me. "By Jove, old boy!" said he, with his teeth chattering a tune on their own account; "hope I didn't hurt you—I'm in a dudge of a hurry. Go to get a sketch into *Scribner's* to pay my studio rent."

But, as he is only a man of talent, it is, probably, no wonder that he walks, to save car fare, and makes one overcoat serve him the year round.—*Alfred Trumble, in the San Francisco Argonaut.*

**Saved by a Woman's Bravery.**

City Banker—Ruined, ruined! I am to-day worse than penniless!

Wife—Oh, husband, has the bank broken?

C. B.—Worse! worse than that.

Wife—And has your Chicago investment been swept away, too?

C. B.—Yes, and more; all your fortune I was keeping in trust.

Wife—Has it come to that? But cheer up, husband; all will be right. We will weather the disaster.

C. B.—No hope; all is lost.

Wife (heroically)—No, not all. I will countermand the order for that new dress at Madame De Polonaire's!

C. B.—Thank heaven, we are saved! (Tableau.)—*Tid-Bits.*

**Unanswerable.**

"No, my son shall not work in a bank. He's a delicate boy and I do not want him to put himself in the way of danger," said a Harlem mother.

"But I don't see how bank-work can be considered dangerous," replied the husband.

"Aren't bank clerks constantly exposed to drafts?"

**Inherited Beauty.**

Miss Todidum (complainingly)—Ah, Mrs. Goldbags, no one could mistake who the mother of these handsome children is. You ought to

be proud of them, for they inherit all their mother's beauty and grace.

Mrs. Goldbags—So I'm told; but, you know, I never met my husband's first wife.

## The Originality of Peter.



To be a father is certainly sweet.

And I am the father of Little Pete.



And they left me with him, the other day,

To keep him engaged in innocent play.



A bottle of gin, and Pete and me—

And the capers I cut you ought to see.



And the more I cavorted and pranced and leapt,

The more my progeny wailed and wept;



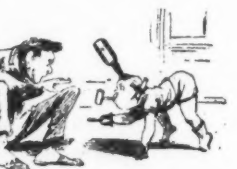
Till at last, with a smile like a full-blown rose,

He placed his two little hands on my toes,



And turned a somersault over my head:

"I'm goin' to 'mooze Papa," he said.



Then he balanced the gin bottle on his brow,

And inquired, "Papa, is 'oo 'moozed much now?"



Then, spinning around on the bottle's top,

He said, "Who's 'a 'moozin' 'oo, dear old Pop?"



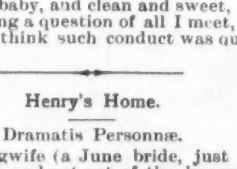
With a whang and a yell through the air he flew,

And observed, "I'm only 'moozin' 'oo."



Then, flinging his arms around my neck,

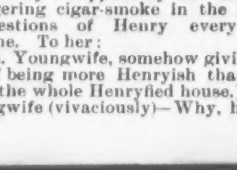
He cried, "I wasn't 'moozin' a speck!"



He's an able baby, and clean and sweet,

But I'm asking a question of all I meet,

"Don't you think such conduct was queer for Pete?"



**Henry's Home.**

Dramatis Personnae.

Mrs. Youngwife (a June bride, just in her new quarters, and not out of the honeymoon's last quarter).

The caller (of no consequences whatever).

you do? I'm awfully glad to see you—but, oh, I'm so sorry that Henry isn't at home—I truly am! He's detained at the office by extra work, poor fellow. He's so industrious, Henry is!

The caller—Yes, I—

Mrs. Youngwife—And, of course, you haven't seen his last picture; here it is. It's an excellent likeness, don't you think? And yet it doesn't do him justice—the artist said his expression was very unusual. He's so peculiar, Henry is!

The caller—Yes—

Mrs. Youngwife—So, perhaps, you'll like his cabinet better—Henry does. But he says he thinks it's a case of six of the one and half-a-dozen of the other—ha, ha, ha! He's so epigrammatic—Henry is!

The caller (seizing her opportunity)—It's extremely warm this afternoon.

Mrs. Youngwife—There! Exactly as Henry predicted! This very morning he said: "Now, Julia, see if we don't have a roaster—a regular sizzler"—in that humorous way of his, you know; and now it's turned out just as he said. He always was so meteorological!

The caller (stolidly continuing)—And I notice that almost everybody seems preparing to leave town.

Mrs. Youngwife (scornfully)—Henry isn't. When we arrived home the other day, he said: "Julie" (you know how abbreviating he is!)—"Julie, not a step do I stir out of the city this blessed summer." That shows how inabitable Henry is!

(Pause, during which Mrs. Youngwife caressingly dusts photograph and tenderly rearranges slippers. Then—)

Mrs. Youngwife—Henry—

The caller (desperately)—Oh, have you read Tolstoi's last? I—

Mrs. Youngwife—Henry has. And he doesn't like it at all. "Why," he said, only yesterday: "it's just nothing but high-fal-ludumiddle, and that's flat!" He really did. He's so condemnatory, Henry is!

The caller—Many people speak very highly of the book.

Mrs. Youngwife (with decision)—Henry—

The caller (persevering)—What do you think?

Mrs. Youngwife (slightly ruffled)—Why, I've just told you Henry's opinion of it!

The caller (finding situation dangerous)—I think I shall run down to Bar Harbor next week.

Mrs. Youngwife—Goodness gracious, how can you? Now, Henry hates Bar Harbor. He says he's no use for the place in his business—not the least. He's so metaphorical, Henry is!

The caller—I didn't know he'd ever been there.

Mrs. Youngwife—He never has.

The caller—Then, how—

Mrs. Youngwife—And that's just why I wonder at your going.

(This subject being evidently settled beyond dispute—)

The caller—I hear Dr. Chausable is to resign the rectorship of St. Polysperchion.

Mrs. Youngwife—Well, I should think he would! Henry has been very much dissatisfied with him for a long time; he doesn't like the doctor's views on open communion a particle. He takes great interest in the discussion—he's so theological, Henry is!

The caller—The doctor is reluctant to resign, I understand.

Mrs. Youngwife—He wouldn't be if he knew what Hen—

The caller—And the parish is nearly unanimous in desiring him to remain.

Mrs. Youngwife—Unanimous! Unanimous! I'm surprised that you should say unanimous, when Henry—

The caller (hastily)—I said nearly unanimous.

Mrs. Youngwife (severely)—Very far from it, I should say. Henry isn't unanimous a bit!

The caller (again getting out of danger)—The Social Club had a delightful meeting last evening.

Mrs. Youngwife (coldly)—Ah, indeed? Henry didn't go.

The caller (persisting in iniquity)—Even more delightful than the last.

Mrs. Youngwife (cily)—Than the last? Why, Henry went to that!

The caller—You probably know that there was an election of officers!

Mrs. Youngwife (spittingly)—And they make a great mistake in not choosing Henry for president. He's so parliamentary, Henry is!

The caller—But—

Mrs. Youngwife (tossing her head)—Though, of course, he wouldn't have taken the position. "I don't want any part of their old club," said he. He's so unambitious, Henry is!

The caller (finding every topic beset with perils, and concluding to escape)—Well, really, I must—(rises).

Mrs. Youngwife—What? Going? You haven't seen—

The caller—I know I haven't—

Mrs. Youngwife—You'd enjoy yourself immensely with him. He's so entertaining, Henry is!

The caller (hoping for one of the five, but seeing no prospect of getting it)—Good afternoon!

Mrs. Youngwife—Good afternoon, Henry!

Henry—Wait one moment, and I'll run to meet you with the umbrella! Henry!

[Cauter sneaks away unnoticed and forgotten.]

—(Maudlin H. Pike in Puck.)

## W. &amp; D. DINEEN FURRIERS,

OFFER FOR IMMEDIATE SALE FOR CASH:

Choice Sealskin Mantles, Ulsters,

WRAPS, CAPES, MUFFS, CAPS, &c.

ALSO A LOT OF FUR-LINED

CIRCULARS & SILK-TRIMMED WRAPS

And an Endless Variety of FURS of all kinds.

Beaver & Otter Capes & Muffs

TO MATCH.

LONG BEARSKIN BOAS AND MUFFS.

Otter and Beaver Collars and Cuffs

AND

Beaver Trimming by the yard.

COR. KING AND YONGE STS.

DRESS SHIRTS

EVENING GLOVES

EVENING TIES

Full assortment in stock of White Dress Shirts,

court front, one stud hole in front.

Dents' White and Lavender Gloves, one and two

buttons, plain or white or black stitched backs,

all prices.

Evening Ties all kinds.

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DORENWEND'S

Grand Display

OF

HAIR GOODS

To the Ladies and Gentlemen afflicted

with

Baldness, Thin & Gray Hair, Etc.

Since Dorenwend first appeared in this country as a manufacturer of HAIR GOODS, great advancement in good

taste in the appearance of the hair has been made. This achievement is most gratifying. In years gone by it was considered impossible to introduce such goods as would be worn so universally. Only persons who were entirely bald and an occasional one whose hair was very thin wore anything in the line of Hair Goods. Great prejudice existed at that time against anything in this line but it rapidly died out, and now Ladies with good heads of hair wear such

pieces as Bangs, Waves, Switches, etc., and Gentlemen with only slight baldness wear Toupees, etc. Style demands that the hair should be curly and wavy and it is very injurious to have the hair cut, curled and waved, it takes the life out of it, and in the end it will come out altogether. The simplest way to get a nice becoming style of head-dress and save your self a lot of trouble and save your hair, and when the style changes you can easily change the head-dress. Everyone should see the new styles of Ermine Petas, Cleveland, Shingle Bangs, and other Frontpieces, Wig, Toupees, etc., at

A. DORENWEND'S

Paris Hair Works, 103 and 105 Yonge Street

A BIG STOCK OF THEATRICAL WIGS, MAKE-UPS, ETC., ON HAND.

S. J. DIXON,

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FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

## THE YATISI CORSET

Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated French makers. It gives the wearer that ease and grace so much admired in French ladies. The Yatasi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensable. The Yatasi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.

The Yatasi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.

The Yatasi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.

Every merchant who sells the Yatasi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.

The Yatasi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

Every pair of Yatasi Corsets is so stamped, and no other is genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY



## Ladies at the Legislature.

I thought Miss Marjorie Campbell showed excellent taste Wednesday in attending the opening of the Ontario Legislature in the unpretending attire she did. She was dressed in a simple suit of some dark material, which fitted her graceful figure like a glove, a short jacket and the Alaska sables which always form a comfortable-looking part of her costume through the winter months. A neat bonnet topped her shapely head. She seemed to me from my seat in the press gallery extremely nervous, albeit she displayed a lively interest in the preliminary formalities of opening the House. Her friend, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, who sat beside her, seemed, on the contrary, rather indifferent to the proceedings and was apparently quite at her ease.

The speech from the throne was the usual dry rot. Sir Alexander was quite at ease and read along in the calm, emotionless voice of one who feels quite at home, and is prepared to feel that way under all circumstances. Sir Alexander is a great whist player and possibly that may account for the extreme suavity and placidity of his presence.

The display of dress goods and millinery was not at all what I expected. Of course, there was not a lady present whose gown was not all that it should be. Every one worn was pretty as could be, because ladies never wear anything but pretty dresses; but there were none of those elaborate toilets which I had fancied beforehand would be worn. The Legislative hall was crowded with ladies. They filled the members' seats, and overflowed into the press gallery. Among those present I noticed Mrs. Cawthra, Miss Crowther, Mrs. Cameron, Miss Mary Campbell, Mrs. W. G. Falconbridge, Mrs. Alex. McKenzie, Miss Isabel McKenzie, Mrs. Joshua Beard, Mrs. Partysen of Davenport, Mrs. Dr. Parker, Miss Ireland, the Misses Thompson, Miss Lottie Wood, Mrs. Proctor, Miss Ellis, Mrs. Henry Cawthra, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Duck, Miss Armstrong, Mrs. Cummings, Miss Gilmour of Port Hope, Mrs. G. B. Smith, Miss McGlen, Mrs. McCormick of West Toronto, Mrs. A. J. Catnach, Mrs. W. G. Cassels, Mrs. P. G. Close, Mrs. H. A. H. Cook, Miss Notman, Miss Butler, Miss Kenneth McKenzie, Mrs. Badgerow, Mrs. O. Mowat, Mrs. Frank McKelcan of Hamilton, Mrs. S. Dewar, Hamilton, Miss Florence Ellis, Miss Susie Ellis, Miss Proctor, Mrs. Monk, Miss Ruthven, Mrs. Grantham, Miss Carty, Miss M. Carty, Miss Kinganill, Miss Thomson, Miss Kate Thomson, Miss Lulu Thomson, Mrs. G. W. Allan, Mrs. F. W. Cumberland, Mrs. John Cameron, Mrs. Major Dawson, Mrs. G. T. Denison, Mrs. R. W. Elliot, Mrs. John Flaken, Mrs. George Grey, Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Mrs. Beudelar, Mrs. A. M. Conby, Mrs. J. D. Edgar, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Miss Rose, Mrs. T. Eaton, the Misses Eaton, Mrs. Carruthers, the Misses Carruthers,

Miss Nellie Ross, Mrs. Robinette, Mrs. A. M. Ross, Mrs. Cox and Miss Wilkie.

SPIFF.

## Personal.

Miss Besse Mundle of Hamilton is spending a few days at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. John Catto, 48 Bredalbane street.

Mr. J. W. Beatty gave a progressive euchre party at his house on Huron street. A number of friends attended and spent an enjoyable evening.

here was passed with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bethune, and now she too has departed and left us sorrowing.

Ex Ald. Geo. M. Evans of Grange Avenue gave a whist party on Friday evening of last week to a few particular friends, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Frost, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Bright, Mr. and Mrs. Smyth, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Harris, Miss Allerby, Mrs. Bryson.

A very pleasant birthday party was given Wednesday night by Dr. McCallum at his resi-

passage. She has been in Toronto only since Christmas, but has stayed with Miss Marjorie Campbell at Government House and also with Mrs. Stephen Heward and Mrs. John Boulton. On Monday she flew back to Montreal taking with her as good a report of Toronto as Toronto will always give of her. Miss Mabel Thomas made an even shorter visit than Miss McInnes and was a partner in the latter's flight on Monday. From Mrs. James Strachan's house she went to that of Canon and Mrs. Dumoulin. Her friends hope her debut in Montreal will be as successful as it has been in Toronto.

Adams, Dr. E. E. King and Miss Cora King, Miss May Hills, Miss Bogart, Mr. L. Wilson, Mr. E. Merritt, Mr. J. F. Pringle and Mrs. Pringle, Mr. J. McNamara, Mr. George Farquhar and Miss Farquhar, Mr. H. Manley, Mr. L. Miller, Mr. W. A. Medland and Mrs. Medland, Mr. J. W. A. Ba'tro, Mr. A. Ardagh, Mr. G. W. Harpin, Mr. W. Higman, Mr. Charles Wesley, Mr. John Sinclair Jr., and Miss Sinclair, Ald. and Mrs. Pella, Mr. J. B. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. James Sinclair, Mr. Fred H. Wood, Mr. W. Hamilton, Mr. George Carlisle, Mr. and Mrs. M. Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Worden, the Misses Spence, Mr. and Mrs. G. McLachlan and Miss Macdonald, Mrs. Wm. Roach, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor and Miss McGraw, Mr. F. B. Le-wood, Mr. C. McLachlan and Miss Crawford, Mr. Geo. W. Taylor, Mr. Fred Mulholland and Miss Letty Mulholland, Mr. R. W. Boyd, Mr. S. Sayles, Mr. Thos. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. Coffee, Mr. George Beddingfield, Mr. J. M. Woodland, Mr. Robert Robinson and the Misses Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Taylor, Mr. R. Hickson, Mr. R. Nolan, Mr. J. A. Brigham, Mr. C. Pearson, Mr. J. Hall, Mr. Rennie, Mr. J. P. McKinnon, Mr. W. McCartney, Mr. R. F. Williams, Mr. A. A. S. Ardagh, Mr. W. J. Darby, Mr. Thomas Barr, Mr. Henderson, Capt. Mutton, Mr. R. Hall, Mr. H. N. Collins, Mr. E. H. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Mutton, Mr. and Mrs. George Macdonald, Miss Bella Grand, Mrs. Sidney Flynn, Mrs. L. Flynn, Miss Bain of Parkdale, Miss G. Arnott, Miss N. Arnott, Miss E. Cowley and Mr. W. J. Arnott.

## The Witch's Scale at Ondewater, Holland.

The time of this striking picture is during the last century when belief in witches existed not only in the old countries but in America itself. In New England it is not much more than a hundred years since they burnt the miserable victims of popular superstition. The ordeals or ancient times by hot water, fire and tests which meant death to the victim whether she happened to be a witch or not had been superseded at the time of the picture by the weight test. The burgomaster and the chief men of the town are trying to find out if the woman who stands on the scales is light enough to fly through the air on a broom-stick. The legend does not tell exactly how many pound she had to weigh and how any charm-bags, amulets, and sacred bones had to be heaped on the scale to ensure a successful test. This was probably left to the burgomaster and the clergy to determine, and no doubt the amount of objection they had to the suspected person weighed much more heavily against her than anything that could be heaped in the balance.

## Musical.

On Tuesday evening the handsome parlors of Mrs. H. L. Smyth, Cecil street, were well filled by the friends of that lady, in response to an invitation to a parlor concert, to be given in aid of the choir funds of St. Philip's church. A programme of rare excellence was presented. The piano solo given by Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison was very much appreciated, as was the one by Miss Hart, who also played in a duet with Mr. Harrison. The Broken Pitcher and At the Concert were two songs given by Miss Ellis, a young lady who possesses a voice of great sweetness and flexibility. The songs by Rev. J. Fielding Sweeney were given in his usual good style. The recitations by Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy were selections from Shakespeare, and he displayed unusual ability in the art of elocution. Miss Weatherston scored a triumph by reciting, in costume, The Gipsy Flower Girl. Though young, Miss Weatherston gives great promise of being a leader not only in society but also as a public reciter. A quartette and trio by the members of St. Philip's choir, and a reading from Dickens' Holly Tree, by Mrs. Harrison, were pleasing features of the evening. Refreshments were dispensed at the close of the programme, and a handsome sum was realised for the choir funds.

## Mr. Belford's Recitals.

George Belford, the English elocutionist and reciter, who created so favorable an impression in this country when here a year or two ago, will give two recitals in the Association hall, Yonge street, on Monday and Tuesday evenings. The World, Edmund Yates' critical paper, says: "Mr. George Belford, who has



recently completed a most brilliant and successful tour through Canada as a humorous and dramatic reciter, appeared last Tuesday evening at Prince's hall, on the occasion of Miss Amy Beresford's concert, when he gave so dramatic a rendering of Rubinstein's Piano and What He Did With It, that he was three times recalled upon the stage, and finally responded to the genuine applause by reciting Browning's poem of Good News from Ghent. Mr. Belford possesses a flexible and powerful voice, a remarkable range of facial expression, good taste in gesture and attitude, and a large amount of dramatic ability."

## An Evening of Comedy.

Last Friday evening at 137 Avenue road a pleasant few hours were spent. Those fortunate enough to receive an invitation from Mrs. E. M. Trower for her little evening of comedy were delighted with the soap and go with which the comedy, The Loan of a Lover, was acted with the following cast:

Captain Amersfort..... Mr. J. G. Thompson  
Peter Spik..... Mr. A. Hodgkiss  
Seyzel..... Mr. F. C. Daniels  
Delve..... Mr. John Page  
Gertrude..... Miss Jessie Wilson  
Ernestine Rosendahl..... Miss E. M. Trower

The Gertrude of Miss Wilson was bright and charming, while Mrs. Trower made a dignified and handsome Ernestine. The male characters were above the average, especially by Mr. Hodgkiss. After the comedy, songs were given by Mr. Max Saunders and Mrs. Cheesman, and a Scotch reading by Mr. Hodgkiss, which were much enjoyed. The evening ended in dancing to music by the harpers.

## Doric Lodge Conversazione.

One of the pleasantest events of the season was the eighth annual conversazione of Doric Lodge, A. F. and A. M., which was held in the Masonic hall, Toronto street, on Thursday week. The handsome rooms were comfortably filled and a thoroughly enjoyable time was spent by all present. The floor was in excellent condition and dancing was kept up with uninterrupted vigor until quite late. The costumes of the ladies were elaborate and handsome. Among those present were R. W. Bro. E. T. Malone and Mrs. Malone, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas

Mr. C. H. Thorburn, of the Bank of British North America, who left London for Toronto four months ago, returned to the former city last week and was welcomed back by his many friends.

Mr. Jack Macdonell, son of A. D. Macdonell of the Inland Revenue department, left on Wednesday evening for his home in the North-West. He has been spending a month or more with his parents in this city.

Another fair lady of Montreal who has been the guest of Canon and Mrs. Dumoulin, is Miss Strachan Bethune. The latter part of her visit

dence, corner Jarvis and Shuter streets. The party was in his daughter's honor. About 80 invitations were issued, and a pleasant time was spent by all who took advantage of the doctor's hospitality.

A face which society once knew well, and which it has not forgotten, is once more within its walls. Mr. Earnest Heaton, having tried both Toronto and New York, gives the palm to the former. He has decided to practice law here and has entered the firm of Messrs. McCarthy, Osler and Hoskin.

Miss Jessie McInnes may be called a bird of

FEMALE ATTRACTIONS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY HANS DAHL.





OTTAWA.

WOODSTOCK.

The Whist clubs were very charmingly entertained by Mrs. H. J. Finkle of Light street, last Tuesday evening, all the members of both clubs were present except one or two unfortunate ones who could not manage it. Each member was presented with a lovely little bouquet, those of the St. James club being tied with red ribbons, and the St. Patrick's course with green. Visitors not belonging to either clubs had bouquets with pink ribbon. Judge Finkle's jovial remarks kept every one laughing and Miss Annie Parker looked lovely, and Miss Jennie as sweet as ever. Whist seems an odd taste for young people, but the St. Patrick club is composed of such nice people, that they have no quarrel with married members, and they are not yet settled down enough to be called old, though Mr. Charles' hair is getting quite white still his heart is young.

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